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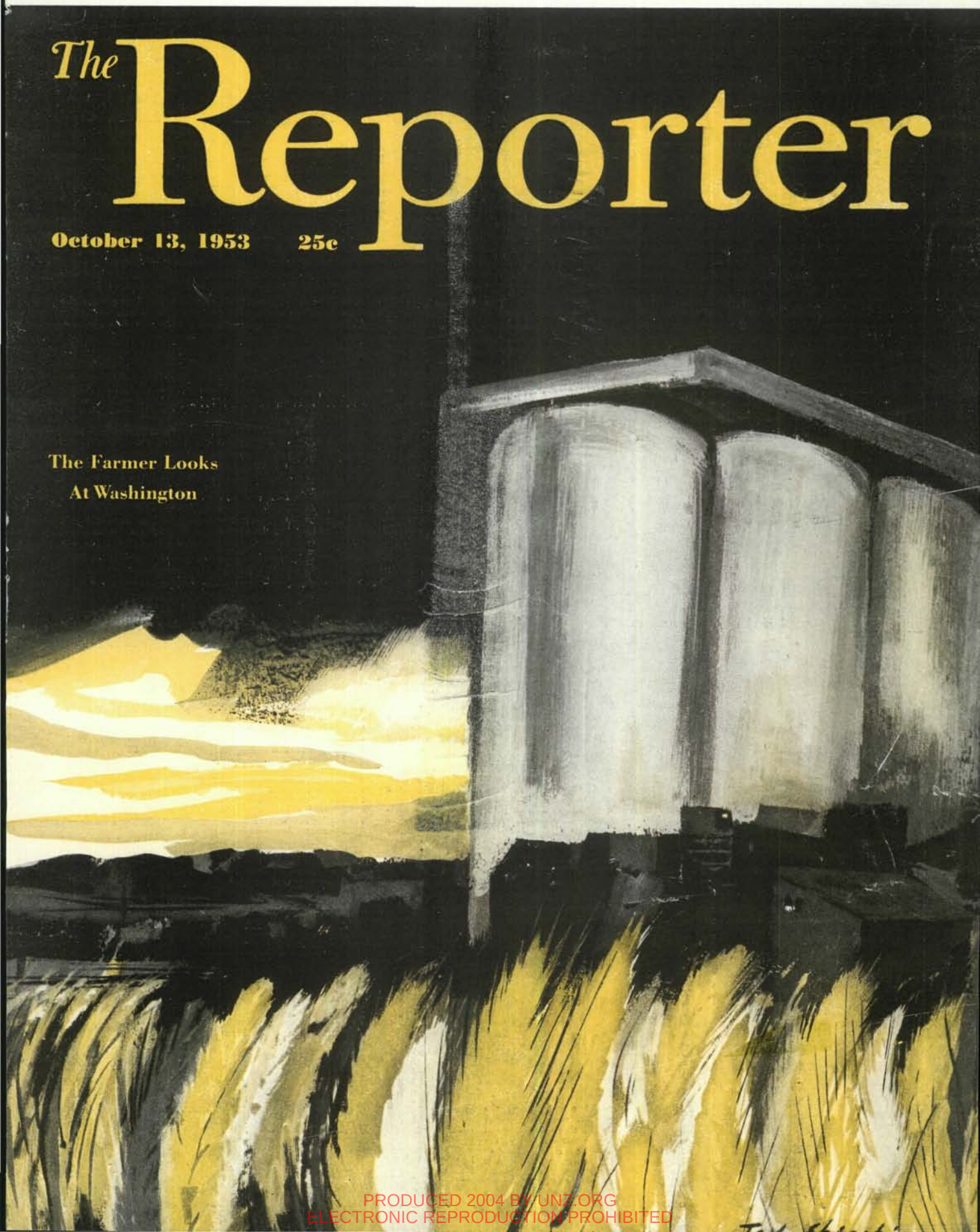

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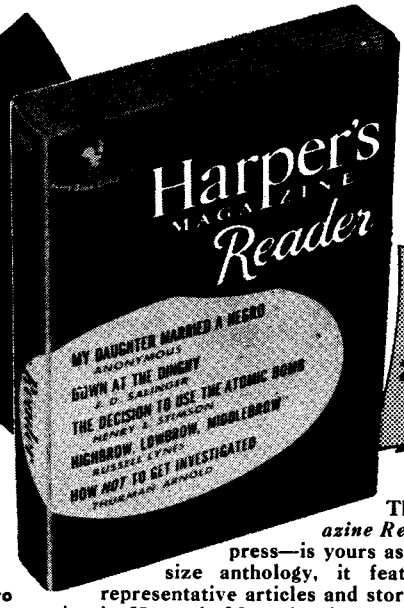

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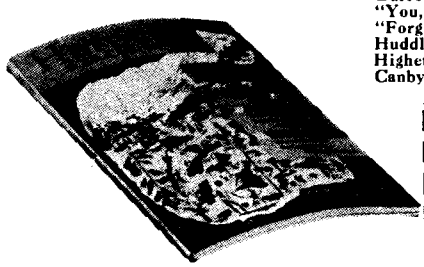

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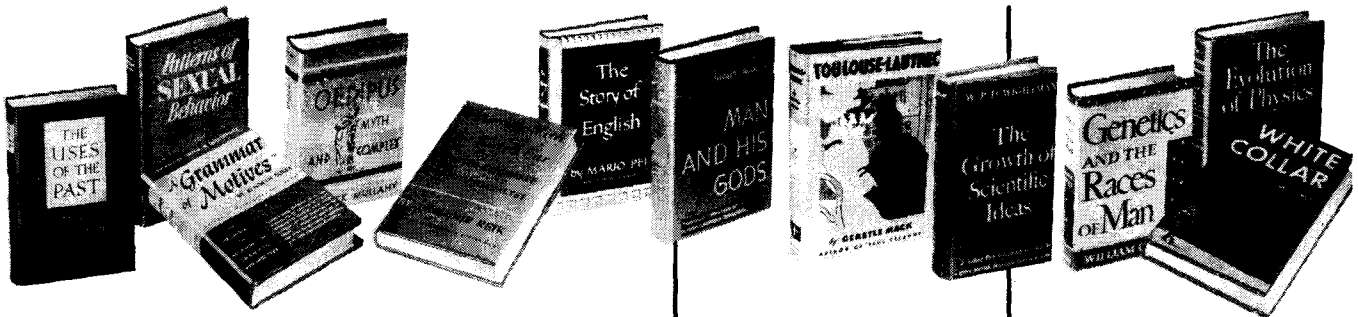

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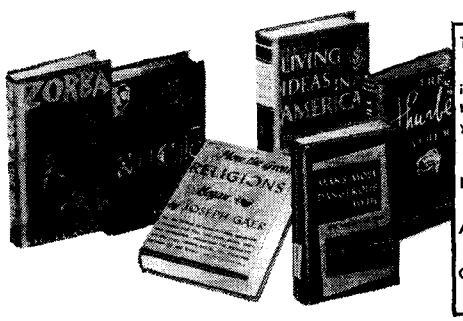

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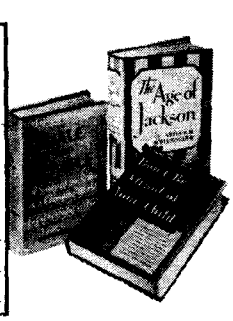

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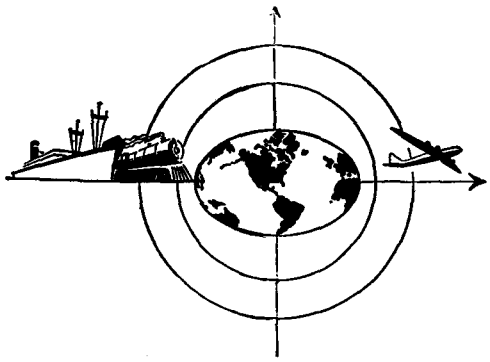

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

What Is the Target?

Gradually some knowledge is being brought to the public of the devastation that an enemy armed with atomic and hydrogen bombs could bring to our country. Some experts who probably know most of what there is to know about these horrible weapons, and a few journalists who write as if they knew it all, have been insisting that the public ought to be better informed. A few days ago, the newspapers published a list of the population and industrial centers which are likely to be targets of enemy attack. The President himself, it is said, may soon tell the people this tale of potential, possibly imminent woe.

But, it can be asked, what can we, the people of America, do when at least some parts of the horrible truth become common knowledge? Truthfulness, or candor, as they call it in Washington, cannot be used just for truth's or candor's sake. If the few men who possess the facts—and are possessed by them—are going to share some of their crushing secrets with us, the people, it must be because they have some definite purpose in mind.

This purpose could hardly be that of frightening us into an all-out effort of national air defense which, according to all estimates, could never be absolute or foolproof.

There are no absolute weapons of offense or of defense exempt from the danger of turning out to be somewhat old-fashioned or, as the term goes, "conventional," a few years later. The atom bomb of the Hiroshima type is now being called conventional. Moreover, in this brutal business of absolute weapons and absolute defense, we are locked in a deadly grip with Soviet Russia: For we have learned now that whatever weapon of offense or defense our scientists invent, the Russians, sooner or later, steal or invent it too.

It seems clear enough that irrespective of the protection it would give the country and irrespective of its ever-increasing cost, a system of national air defense is just a name for a mad armaments race—a race between the weapons of today and the weapons of tomorrow, between what the Russians have for defense and offense and what we have, ad infinitum.

THE TARGET of Operation CANDOR should be, we think, not the acceleration but the slowing down of that race. This can be done if, as Walter Lippmann recently suggested, our strategic air force is so sheltered that its retaliatory power is beyond the reach of enemy attack. The Swedes, it is said, have their major airfields deep under ground. If unimpaired, our power of retaliation against Soviet attack can inflict an appalling punishment on the major centers of Soviet production, no matter how dispersed they may be.

From the moment the Russians realize that they can never reach the point where a surprise atomic attack would be profitable, negotiation aimed at reduction of atomic armament and international control may become fruitful. No agreement with the Russians is possible unless it is based on hard facts. The hard fact, in this case, can be a power of retaliation that no treacherous attack could dent. When this state of things is made candidly clear to our own and to all peoples, then international diplomacy can go to work.

Stevenson's Role

It was good to hear Adlai Stevenson again. During all these months while he was traveling around the world, the new team has not spoiled us with many statesmanlike utterances. A very large number of Americans must have realized, in listening to Stevenson, how much they had missed his urbane wisdom, his unfailing gift for balance and perspective.

His report to the nation on the countries he visited was a neat summary of the best thinking that well-informed writers at home and abroad had done on the subject; yet every phrase of his speech bore the traces of his inimitable talent. It is the talent of the most articulate conscience in America today.

Perhaps his conscience, his sense of responsibility toward his fellow citizens and the friends of our country abroad, led him to be in some passages rather overoptimistic. We would be much happier these days if we could share Stevenson's conviction that our country is winning the "cold war." A few days after Stevenson's Chicago speech, Clement Attlee and Pandit Nehru, two crotchety old men who would like nothing better than to be nice to us, had a few things to say that cast a shadow on Stevenson's vision of our victory.

Yet even if Stevenson was somewhat overrestrained in describing what's wrong with our foreign policy, he went far enough in prescribing what could be done to set it right—much too far to please such Administration spokesmen as Senator Homer Ferguson and Governor Thomas E. Dewey, who hastened to call him an appeaser.

Unquestionably, this man Stevenson has turned out to be one of the nation's greatest assets. Since his defeat in the election, hordes of people have joined the fraternity of Brothers Adlai's keepers. Reluctantly, we too

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find ourselves yielding to the temptation of offering our two pennies' worth of advice.

He may or he may not run again for the highest office. This is something that not even Adlai Stevenson himself can say. And of course he has to stay in politics, for he is the titular leader of the Democratic Party—whatever that may mean. If some time he tries to mediate between, let's say, the opinions of Senator Richard B. Russell and those of Americans for Democratic Action, he will be doing his job of trying to balance the views of honest and patriotic men.

But we do think there are some opposite positions in his party that he should not, in his own interest, try to mediate. We do not see, for instance, how he could give such fulsome praise to "the strong and wise leadership of Senator Lyndon B. Johnson" as he did at his party's harmony dinner on September 14—just a day after Senator Johnson's "wise leadership" had shown up in wholehearted endorsement of the Bricker amendment.

Stevenson can well afford, at times, to show independence of his party—and if in 1956 his party wants to punish him for his independence, then that will be the party's loss.

We have said, many a time, that President Eisenhower must choose between leading the free world and maintaining the unity of the Republican Party. In fact, he has faced this choice for so long that finally we are inclined to think that he will never choose. Nothing could make us sorrier than to have to say in the future something of the same sort about the Democratic Party and Adlai Stevenson—a man whose freedom of judgment is not hampered by the burden of office and on whose example the nation and the world have come to depend.

He Loves Lucy

When Lucille Ball was a young thing she already aimed to please—her grandfather, who was a radical—and so she went into some room where there was an American flag and she wrote her name down on a piece of paper. But it so happened that this meant registering to vote for the Communist Party.

The star of the nation's favorite TV comedy is not somebody the Un-American Activities Committee treats as it treats other citizens. Representative Donald L. Jackson (R., California) of the committee in a concise and revealing statement makes this point clear. According to an Associated Press dispatch from Hollywood he said: "The committee is departing from its usual procedure so that fact may be separated from rumor and no damage be done Miss Ball."

You said it, Congressman.

The Uses of Intelligence

One of Senator McWhatshisname's latest distempers found him on the subject of military intelligence. When he discovered that some of our top Army commanders had been sent a classified document containing nonderogatory information about conditions in the Soviet Union, the Senator hit the ceiling and released the document, muttering about "treason" in the Army. The incident reminded us of several things:

It reminded us that the Senator had himself served as an intelligence officer during the Second World War. His duties involved briefing fliers as to the enemy's capabilities and weapons. We'll bet that if we had the Senator's investigative staff we could dig up at least three Marine Corps pilots who could distinctly recall the Senator-to-be's telling them that the Japanese Zero had a faster rate of climb and greater maneuverability than our own fighters. What we are seriously trying to point out is that this incident again gives the lie to those who attribute the Senator's devastating antics to ignorance and boyish high spirits. There can be no question but that he has had thorough training in the purposes and methods of military intelligence, and that before he started waving the classified document in the air, he knew exactly why the Army had chosen to distribute it.

His waving the document in the air and under the noses of the press reminded us also that with his intelligence training the Senator must have been most fully aware of how seriously the government takes the safeguarding of classified documents. We did not need to be reminded of how seriously the Senator himself takes their safeguarding, since the day before he had threatened terrible retribution against a newspaperman whom he accused of releasing classified information.

Sadly, and with a sense of falling down a flight of stairs we had fallen down before, we were reminded that the President of the United States had served for thirty-eight years in that great service which the Senator now accused of "treason," and that no one could be more completely aware of the shattering effect upon our national strength of such gratuitous efforts to gouge out the eyeballs of those who are supposed to see our enemies clearly and to see them whole.

RETURN FROM ABROAD

The men are overfed,
The women overdressed,
Too soft the daily bread,
Too hard the wired breast.

The Cadillacs too wide,
On avenues unclean,
The spirit, too, belied
Upon too big a screen.

The minds too timorous,
The doors too firmly shut,
The air too clamorous
With advertising glut.

My country 'tis of thee
I sing with troubled sigh:
For this prosperity
The price may be too high.

—SEC

The New Percenters

A United Press report of testimony concerning a Washington man who traveled on the Eisenhower campaign train last fall and is accused of having offered for a four per cent fee to sell launchers for the Navy's "Mighty Mouse" rocket was recently published in the Republican New York *Herald Tribune*. It contained this brief paragraph:

"Congress has frowned on the 'percenter' practice, but there is nothing illegal about it."

We may have short memories, but is this precisely the moral tone the *Herald Tribune*, or for that matter the news services, used to take when the four percenters were five percenters and the President was Mr. Truman?

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CORRESPONDENCE

WHO'S A REACTIONARY?

To the Editor: I was astonished by the last two paragraphs of Mr. Hugh Gaitskell's otherwise excellent article in your September 1 issue.

You will remember that Mr. Gaitskell said: "It is still the party's ultimate aim to create a classless society in which there shall be genuine equality of opportunity for all, where a man's position in life depends on the contribution he makes to the well-being of society rather than on the amount of wealth he has inherited or the kind of education his parents have paid for.

"No doubt these doctrines, or perhaps the way in which they are understood and applied by the Labour Party, as well as the basic belief in the need for state intervention in economic affairs, would be unacceptable to many, perhaps most, Americans."

This seems to me an almost classic statement of the misunderstanding of the United States which seems to be widespread among members of the British Labour Party. Most Americans no doubt would argue that this country did a pretty good job of establishing "a classless society" of this sort in the period between 1776 and 1824, and that we are still steadily approaching the ideal of equal opportunity for all. Moreover, a considerable degree of "state intervention in economic affairs" has been a fundamental part of American doctrine from the very beginnings of the Republic; and this doctrine is accepted by the great majority of the members of both Republican and Democratic Parties. Not even the most conservative Republican would suggest repeal of such measures of economic intervention as the Anti-Trust Laws, the Interstate Commerce Act, the Security Exchange Act, and the great body of law governing public resources. Indeed, in many respects economic intervention has gone further in this country than it ever did in Britain, even under the Labour Party. The Capital Gains Tax and the Anti-Trust Laws are, of course, the most obvious of many examples.

It is true that we do not use the terminology of the British Labourites; but it is a pity that this fact misleads so many of them into believing that the United States is much more "reactionary"—to borrow one of their favorite words—than it actually is.

JOHN FISCHER
Editor-in-Chief
Harper's Magazine
New York

READING LIST

To the Editor: It is to be hoped that the publication of the new Kinsey report on female sexual behavior will not find the reviewers, commentators, critics, and readers displaying the same ignorance of modern sexology that was so blatantly revealed when the first Kinsey report appeared. Let us hope that everyone who ventures to discuss the new Kinsey book will first have read the other basic writings of the New Sexology: Kinsey's chapter in *Psychosexual Development,* edited by Paul Hoch and Joseph Zubin; *Patterns of Sexual Behavior,* by Clellan Ford and Frank Beach; *The Folklore of Sex,* by Albert Ellis; *The Ethics of Sexual Acts* and *Sexual Freedom,* by René Guyon; and *The Sex Paradox,* by Isabel Drummond. If every person who reads the two Kinsey volumes will also read these other six books, the results for the future happiness of humanity may be beyond calculation.

GEORGE R. WEAVER
Pasadena, California

(We were looking for an excuse not to review the Kinsey report. This is it.)

RULES FOR PROBERS

To the Editor: The article by Representative Javits in your September 1 issue accents the growing concern in regard to our carte blanche Congressional investigations and offers a solution to curtail their irresponsible methods that have shocked so many Americans. Although I find the solution somewhat inadequate, I nonetheless feel that Representative Javits makes a valuable contribution by resurrecting the juridical approach in an area less concerned with justice than with political gains.

The bill proposed by Representative Javits on "Rules of Procedure" for Congressional Investigating Committees fails, in my opinion, to secure substantial protection for the individual subpoenaed to prove his innocence. My main criticism lies in the latitude Representative Javits's proposal gives to "the majority of the committee," upon whom is conferred the final power to determine what privileges shall or shall not be granted a witness. Would it not be more fitting to acknowledge the rights of an American citizen as defined in the Constitution? And would it not be more prudent to follow the protective guarantees under the law, whereby the accused has the right to call friendly witnesses, the right to question witnesses unfriendly to him, and the right to benefit of counsel? If these rights rest upon the disposition of any group of men, then the individual enters the arena without protection. The individual has virtually no rights unless other individuals wish to grant them. This, I believe, is a serious flaw.

Representative Javits's proposal seems to by-pass the cardinal error in the *initial premises* on which the procedures of Congressional investigations are based. Does not the basic fault lie within the nature of the "charges"? As I see it, the fact that these charges are not clearly defined is the cause for the disruptive pattern of irresponsible accusations, and therefore no manner of subsequent procedures could be truly effective until the fundamental fallacy were corrected. Without the benefit of legal definitions for charges as serious as degrees of treason, it must follow that any acts pursuant thereto will fall outside the legal structure. In other words, the committee should operate within the framework of legal clarification *before* taking action, and should know beyond a reasonable doubt what constitutes subversion, what determines disloyalty, and what is conspiracy.

And not less important, there must be an accepted legal opinion on the application of the Fifth Amendment that will settle the controversy of whether or not an American citizen is entitled to use this protective Amendment of the Constitution of the United States.

In summing up: I believe that the Congressional investigations could perform a more useful and sober function were the legal restraints contained in Representative Javits's proposed bill on "Rules of Procedure" to include greater preservation of "the inalienable rights of the individual" to defend himself during the investigative process, and also to take into account the need for legal definitions of "disloyality" charges.

EDITH LAWRENCE
New York

Representative Javits replies:

I am very sympathetic with the views expressed in Edith Lawrence's letter about my article on Queensberry rules for Congressional committees. The Congress, however, is a body equal to and co-ordinate with the judiciary and the executive under the Constitution. It has practically unrestricted power to investigate; therefore giving a majority of a whole Congressional committee responsibility to make investigations fair is about the same as giving a majority of an appellate court the right to decide a case. In addition, limitations of time before Congressional committees must also be considered. To stop "charges" by individual Congressmen would mean to restrict the Congressional immunity which was established by the Constitution and is considered a vital guarantee of freedom. I believe that my proposal—including oversight of investigations by the Rules Committee of the House of Representatives, which gives a right in the nature of an appeal to a person aggrieved—is about as far as we can go in this field without changing the Constitution. Beyond that, it is the public that elects the members of our legislative bodies, and it is the public that has final authority.

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IN THIS ISSUE we continue the analysis we made a fortnight ago of the weak spots in the Atlantic alliance. **Max Ascoli** points out in his editorial the dangers to the European Defense Community inherent in the domestic situation and internal politics of France and Italy and how the plight of Europe may yet be miraculously remedied as a result of the German elections—if we do not let this chance, this last reprieve, slip by.

But another very dangerous spot is right here at home, in the attitude represented by the Bricker amendment. As we have pointed out before, this is the tendency to consider foreign affairs as the foreigners' affairs.

We have gone into the subject of the Bricker amendment several times. But we think that the issue it raises is so dangerous that we cover it once again. For in recent months, and in spite of the President's opposition, the movement in support of the amendment has gained rather than lost momentum.

Senator Bricker has collected a formidable wrecking crew to tear down the structure of our foreign policy, and this crew is dismally bipartisan. When Senator Bricker introduced his measure on February 7, 1952, it was sponsored by forty-four Republicans and fourteen Democrats. By the time the amendment was brought before the new Congress on January 7, 1953, some of the original sponsors had been defeated for re-election, and two, Senators Wayne Morse and Alexander Wiley, had fortunately changed their minds. But even though three of the original backers are now dead, nine more Republicans and seven more Democrats now sponsor the amendment (see box, page 14). And the Senate Democratic Minority Leader, Lyndon Johnson, is among those who have endorsed it.

Our article on the amendment in this issue is by **Dr. Henry Steele Commager,** Professor of History at Columbia University, a frequent contributor to our pages. We are proud to publish his analysis of this major threat to the nation's hopes for an organized free world.

Marya Mannes, who regularly analyzes television and radio for *The Reporter,* has just returned from Europe with an account of impressions and experiences in Berlin. She did what we like our writers to do when traveling at home or abroad: She went to people and not to libraries. That is why her portraits of east Berlin Communists have the dimensions of life.

Richard L. Neuberger, who comments on the public and private interests involved in the building of dams in the Northwest, would not assert that he writes in a totally nonpartisan spirit. Both Mr. Neuberger and his wife are Democratic members of the Oregon State Senate. Although as Democrats they feel rather lonely in that strongly Republican body, they have testified publicly that it is fun. Among Mr. Neuberger's many writings, those on the Pacific Northwest and Alaska have brought him particular acclaim.

THERE ARE all sorts of rumors about Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson's resignation, but it certainly is no rumor that the Administration is worried about the present decline in farm prices. The Republicans remember the 1920's and the fact that an agricultural "recession" began dragging the whole nation down to join the farmers in misery. We think it useful to supplement the arguments about farm policy among economists, politicians, and journalists with the views of a real working farmer. **Leonard Hall** manages the picturesquely named Possum Trot Farm, in Caledonia, Missouri.

The pen name **Robert Graham** veils the identity of a man who knows a great deal about the advertising fraternity but would just as soon not be exposed to its wrath. The writer would be the last and we the next to last to think that the antics he describes are characteristic of admen in general or commonly prevail in the sedate offices along New York's Madison Avenue and its environs. After all, it is usually the extreme and eccentric fringes of any industry that produce the most interesting stories.

Any man kept at home by a cold who tunes his radio, perhaps accidentally, to Mary Margaret McBride's program of interviews and advertising will find himself under the spell of an undeniably interesting personality. But Mary Margaret has competitors. There are indeed numerous ladies who talk a great deal during the daylight hours to innumerable other ladies known in the trade as "housewives." **Sylvia Wright** evaluates the efforts of the ladies who do the talking.

McGeorge Bundy, who reviews William L. Langer and S. Everett Gleason's work on the years between 1937 and 1941, is the co-author, with the late Henry L. Stimson, of *On Active Service in War and Peace.* Mr. Bundy has recently been appointed Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences at Harvard University.

There are odd juxtapositions in the world of letters, and certainly one of them is to find **William Saroyan,** author and playwright, discussing Gertrude Stein. We are happy to present the stimulating results of this meeting.

Our cover for this issue was painted by **Tack Shigaki,** a California-born artist of Japanese extraction. Mr. Shigaki studied in Chicago, New York, Paris, and Switzerland and is particularly well known for his water colors.

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The Reporter
A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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The State of the Community:

Last Reprieve for Europe

DURING the last two years the peoples in the major countries of the Atlantic Community have had their say on the issues presented to them. The returns are in. Nothing more momentous has happened to the Community than this first round of democratic elections—certainly more momentous than the solemn NATO meetings to decide on the number of army divisions and the allotment of military hardware. The Community's capacity for growth is the sum total of the strength and weakness that these elections have brought forth and, for a time, stabilized. Every electoral campaign, from the one in Great Britain in October, 1951, to our own last year was fought almost entirely on domestic issues, as if the Community were the concern of the statesmen rather than of the peoples.

The only exception to this rule has been the election in Germany, a nation that does not yet belong to the Community, is still on probation, and whose democracy was considered quite frail. Yet the Germans, of all people, now have given a lesson to the democracies of the world, old and new, by proclaiming that their nation can never be secure unless it enters into broad and binding compacts with the other nations of Europe. The courage and the candor of Chancellor Adenauer in giving absolute priority to supranational rather than to nationalistic or domestic considerations throw a shocking light on the way the other leaders of the West behaved when they sought the mandate of their peoples. Adenauer's great prestige is further enhanced by the fact that he spoke the whole truth to his people—even the bitter truth about Germany's guilt for the Nazi horrors. Adenauer's presence in high international councils is likely to make the statesmen of other nations uncomfortable and inclined to seek new justifications for the never quite allayed mistrust of Germany.

Germany's Lucky Tragedy

The alarm at Germany's new virtue can be somewhat soothed if we consider that at the present time, at least, the Germans have many practical reasons for being virtuous and for giving their overwhelming support to Adenauer—the man who considers the cause of Germany and of Europe identical. For the Germans are possessed by the urge to unite Europe, and their destiny largely depends on what their role is in what kind of United Europe. Hitler made a try at it, and the people whom that infamous demagogue had debauched into believing they were the master race found themselves tossed from the delusion of mastery into abject and total defeat. The whole of Germany would have fallen into Communist slavery had it not been for the fortunes of war which stopped Russia short of the Rhine. As to what Communist slavery means, the people of West Germany do not have to conjecture or debate: They can just look at what happens to their brothers across the street.

The fierce vitality of the Germans, more than any other factor, can contribute to galvanize the will to live of the other European peoples—or else once more, and for the last time, run amuck and destroy both Europe and Germany. At present the contrast is sharp between Germany's strength, which since the last election has become the political strength of the German government, and the tragic weakness that France and Italy revealed in their political and municipal elections. A Europe so uneven, with a German hard core and a soft underbelly in the two

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Latin countries, bodes no good to Adenauer or to the most responsible European statesmen. All these men consider Europe not as an *ought* but as an *is*, which, to acquire its vital balance, urgently needs new policies and new institutions.

The unity of Europe cannot remain loose and informal as it has been for centuries. It is exposed to two major dangers: German aggressiveness and the Communist threat. Adenauer himself fears this aggressiveness and believes that a United Europe can check it. The Communist threat from within and without can be met only if Europe organizes itself into a new political entity.

The Invisible Frontier

As the recent election has proved once more, West Germany is practically immune from Communist subversion. In Germany the line of demarcation between democracy and Communism is marked in the German earth. But Italy and France are divided deep in their souls.

There is something like a division between eastern and western zones in both countries, but it is an invisible division and the two zones overlap. This is particularly serious in Italy, where, as the last election proved, one out of every three voters is a Communist or a pro-Communist. It is as if two Governments, not just two major parties, were firmly established in the country: one burdened with the daily job of administering the nation, the other a sort of standby Government entrenched in trade unions and in local administrations. Germany is getting now very close to a two-party system; Italy's two-party system, on the contrary, is entirely phony, for the so-called Communist Party is a half-underground, half-aboveground Government.

The Italian and French politicians on the democratic side are frequently inclined to forget that they represent only the "western zones" of their countries and indulge in scrambling for power as if it were possible, with the Communist blocs holding one-third or one-fourth of the seats in parliament, to have a Government and a Loyal Opposition. These politicians are exposed to rude awakenings at election time. Yet normally, just because it is so hard to see how the "eastern zones" can be liberated, democrats in both countries tend to behave as if they did not exist, as if Communism were just a party—a highly respectable party in fact, which many people from all walks of life are inclined to join or to be on friendly terms with—just in case.

In Italy the Communist tide is mounting so steadily that some day in the not distant future it could rise above the fifty per cent mark. In no country so far has Communism attained power through the ballot, but in Italy this is at least possible because the responsible Government, beset by Communist pressure and internal squabbles, has less and less chance of carrying out overdue structural reforms.

In France as in Italy, Communism assiduously cultivates all causes of popular unrest—causes which in both countries long antedate the postwar formation of strong, Moscow-controlled Communist Parties. For certainly it is not because of a Kremlin plot that far too many people are crowded into Italy and mass unemployment is so large. Neither do the Italian and French capitalists take from Moscow the line to which they zealously adhere: Keep production low and profits high, and let the Government socialize the losses of what they still call the system of free enterprise.

The Weary French

Unlike Italian Communism, French Communism seems to have lost most of its aggressiveness and zest. It does not lose ground but it does not advance much either; it seems to be possessed by a gloomy spleen which keeps it unimaginative and sulky while it goes through its daily chores of routinized subversion. It is stuck, and in this respect French Communism is truly French.

No political party or movement has proved strong enough to give France, directly or in coalition with other parties or movements, that kind of steady Government which the Germans have now confirmed in power. Each of the too-many parties checkmates the others, just as each is stymied by the conflicts of factions within its own ranks, just as all organized interests—of the workers as well as of the employers—checkmate and stymie each other. Yet, as everybody knows, the nation is rich and the people are hard workers.

There seems to be irreconcilable conflict between France's vigor and the feeble, tortured image of itself that the country produces at every election. The French have a saying for it: They call it the conflict between the *real* and the *political* country. In fact, they have a saying for everything. But this does not make them any happier or any abler to overcome the national difficulties they so sharply denounce.

We frequently complain, in our country, that the French are critical of us and not good enough friends of America; but we forget that they are bitterly critical of themselves, and that many a Frenchman is not a good friend of himself. The French are still playing at being a great power, for they know what a great power is, having been one. Some of their parties are still playing at revolution—there have been so many revolutions of all possible kinds in the French past. The last was less than ten years ago

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at the time of the liberation, and it did not do much to improve the people's lot. In no European country can one see today so many lined, tired faces, with such restless, weary eyes, somewhat afraid that what allows them to see into others may also allow others to see into them.

NOTHING could shock the French more than seeing Germany turn into a paragon of democracy—a democracy that works, and is backed by full American support. For a long time, neutralism has been an extraordinarily widespread yet strangely unorganized sentiment in France as well as in many other European countries. Now, in the renewed fear of Germany, French neutralism has the chance to turn into a powerful political movement. The French would only have to follow in their country the policies advocated by the late Senator Taft for our own. They have available leaders as able and respected as Senator Taft was, men determined to put an end to France's overcommitments in international affairs, to get out of Indo-China at any price, and to concentrate the nation's energies on its tragic domestic plight.

The bitter resentment over the houses that have not been built, over the well-being which despite their hard work they have not attained, can drive the French people toward an all-out policy of France First.

Which Neutrality for Europe?

Chancellor Adenauer is now the leader of Europe and not just of West Germany. Technically he is responsible only to his German constituents. Yet he must take care also of the welfare of France and Italy, for should both countries turn neutral, then West Germany would be exposed to Russian aggression and to American overprotection. Just because United Europe is to him not just a project but a living thing, Adenauer must now exercise his statesmanship to relieve the distress of the two most vulnerable nations on the Continent.

Repeatedly during the last few months Adenauer has advanced the suggestion that the European Defense Community could well propose a nonaggression pact to Soviet Russia. Our Secretary of State did not seem particularly pleased by this suggestion and claimed not to have received the letter Adenauer wrote to inform him of his new plan. Yet there is hardly anything that may be considered anti-American or anti-Atlantic in such a plan, for the Atlantic Community itself was established to discourage the Soviet government from embarking on military adventures.

Adenauer's proposal simply means that EDC would underwrite the principles of the Community, to which EDC will belong. This underwriting, however, would be an act of European self-government, carrying the implication that Europe has the power to decide if and whether a Soviet attack has occurred—a power which Europe undoubtedly would exercise in conjunction with the other members of the wider Community. Again, it is difficult to see how this prospect could alarm our Administration. Neither could our Administration be alarmed by another implication in Adenauer's proposal: that Europe would not lend its territory or its armed forces to unprovoked attacks against Soviet Russia. At least in our country everybody should know that nothing is more remote from the intention of our government than to provoke a war.

It must be admitted, however, that a major cause of European neutralism is exactly this fear: that some time, not perhaps deliberately but out of inexperience or thoughtlessness, our country may find itself plunged into a very large, possibly even a total, war. The chatter of our unrepresentative and irrepressible preventive warriors is heard abroad, particularly when it is re-echoed by publications which reach the millions. Adenauer's proposal would relieve the European neutralists from a fear that has no foundation in fact anyway. We can well take the chance of telling the Europeans that they can be neutral in case of an unthinkable American aggression against the Soviet Union, provided they are armed and ready to fight should Russia attack.

With his proposal of a nonaggression pact, Chancellor Adenauer has the extraordinary opportunity to merge the two main movements at present existing among European democrats: one toward continental unity, the other toward neutrality. For the European neutralists should know that if they want to save their countries from the horrors of war, they must be in a position to bargain collectively with Soviet Russia. If they try to negotiate one by one, each nation seeking its special exemption, they are lost. In Europe at present the choice is between piecemeal neutrality of each disarmed nation and collective neutrality armed to resist the only nation likely to be an aggressor—Soviet Russia.

The Russians themselves, because of their utter ignorance of our motives, are likely to swallow large chunks of their own propaganda and think that ours is a country of warmongers. A nonaggression pact with a United Europe could relieve them of their insane suspicion that we may use our European allies for aggressive purposes. It could pave the way for the reunification of Germany, for, as Aden-

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auer kept saying throughout his campaign, only if Europe is united can Germany be united. A peaceful but armed United Europe can develop such contagious health that the men in the Kremlin may decide that the security of their country does not necessarily require the subjection of their troublesome satellites.

EUROPEAN self-government and a nonaggression pact with Soviet Russia would mean also that the drive toward a European army and that toward the establishment of a political Community should proceed simultaneously. In fact, it does not make much difference which of the two projects starts operating first. Russian military aggression may materialize in the near or in the distant future, but Communist control over large sections of the French and Italian populations is a thing of today. Those two hard-pressed nations can gain some relief from their crushing burdens only if the heaviest among those burdens become the concern of the European and of the Atlantic Community. The superabundant Italian manpower can never be given productive full employment by any Italian Government. Only if, according to the pattern of the Schuman Plan and beyond it, a continental market is established for industrial and agricultural products, can the productive capacity of France and Italy be fully released. In the two Latin countries politics has fallen into a disheartening rut, and the creative capacities of the two nations are in desperate need of new political and spiritual outlets. There is very little prospect that this can be achieved by any reshuffling of Cabinets.

It seems almost superfluous to add that everything which makes life worth living—in these two countries and everywhere else—forces Communism to retreat.

The Locarno Riddle

There is no denying the fact that Adenauer may sometime prove to our Administration's leader a rather uncomfortable ally—just about as uncomfortable as that other hearty septuagenarian, Sir Winston Churchill. In fact, there seems already to be a remarkable understanding between the two great old men of Europe. When, on May 11, Sir Winston, in his now-famous speech proposing negotiations with Russia, mentioned a new Locarno pact, the German government, according to newspaper reports, was rather miffed, for it could not imagine how in these days anyone could think of Germany as a potential aggressor. A few days later, Adenauer went to visit Sir Winston, who must have explained to him what he meant by that cryptic word "Locarno." On May 17, the newspapers reported that Adenauer was quite pleased with the Locarno idea. To the two great old men, probably "Locarno" is now a symbolic name, implying greater independence toward the United States without any weakening of the Atlantic Community.

Sir Winston and Adenauer have not fallen victims—and never will—to the delusion of "equidistance," the theory still so popular with neutralists all over the world who look at the conflict between ourselves and Soviet Russia with a "plague on both your houses" attitude. But Europe and the Commonwealth can well exert within the Grand Alliance the function of a loyal, at times highly critical, Opposition. Europe and the Commonwealth can never be neutral as between Communism and democracy. But there is no reason why they should not examine very closely and untiringly the policies of the U.S. government. Of course they will never interfere with domestic American politics, but they cannot ignore the fact—no one in the world can—that the major difficulties of American diplomacy today lie in the campaign commitments our leaders made last fall.

Part, but only part, of the functions of Opposition are taken care of by the Democratic Party. But the allied nations, too, in their proper place, have their restraining role to play. They can make it clear to our government that if it wants to have solid blocs of nations on our side, it should not enter into strictly bilateral dealings with the various nations that compose them. They can stress the fact that both the Community and United Europe are real, living things, the common property of the people concerned—and not just the result of artificial insemination from America.

In fact, Europe will be united by much looser ties than those binding the states into our Union. Yet these blocs of a federal or quasi-federal nature that America is fostering cannot be cemented unless all nations concerned give up at least some fragments of national sovereignty. But our nation, which is at the very center of the major of these blocs—the Atlantic Community—does not seem inclined to set even a tiny measure of example. Just a few days ago, Senator Lyndon Johnson, Democratic leader in the upper house, came out in favor of the Bricker amendment.

UNITED EUROPE seemed a forlorn cause before the German elections. Now an unhoped-for opportunity—possibly the last—has been offered to our diplomacy and that of our allies. It all depends on whether our government is ready to deal with full-fledged partners, whether the President decides to apply his great talents for establishing unity to the Atlantic alliance rather than to the G.O.P.

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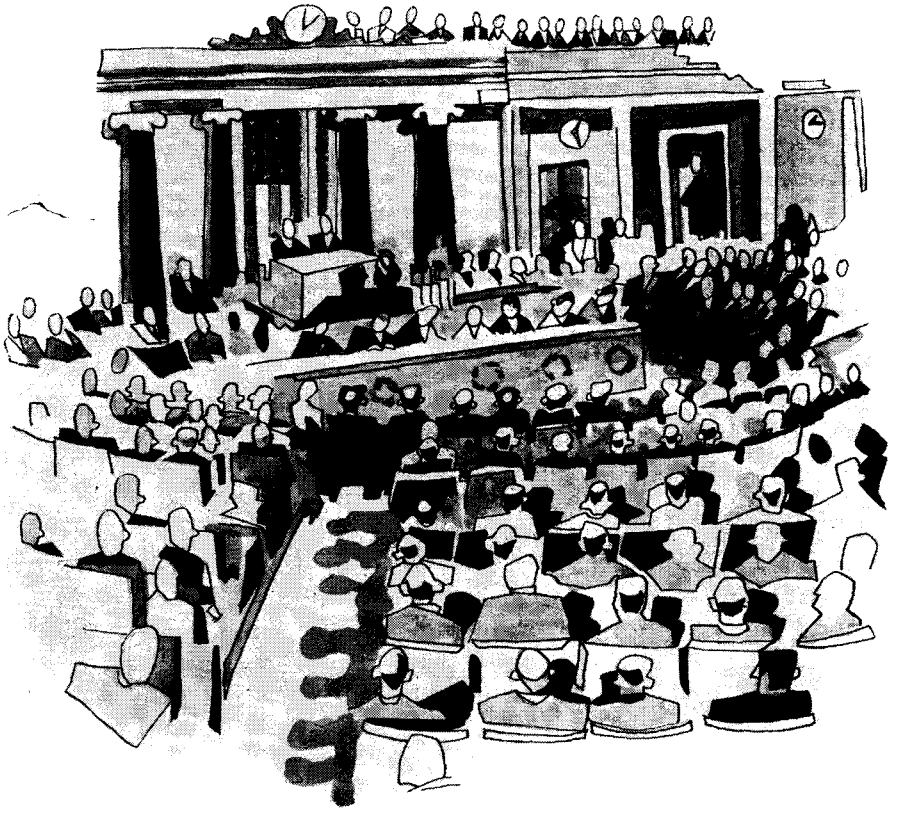
The Perilous Folly Of Senator Bricker

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

THERE IS nothing essentially new about the so-called Bricker amendment, which proposes strict limitations on the power of the President in making agreements with foreign governments. The Fathers of the Constitution knew well the dangers that threatened the rights of individuals and states from a central government with extensive powers, and they threw all necessary safeguards around those rights. They knew, too, the threat to the Union and to order from feebleness and imbecility in the conduct of foreign relations, and they took care that the Federal government should be supreme in diplomacy. They had watched the frustration of treaties by states claiming to be sovereign and the decline of the prestige and power of the Confederation in its relations with other governments, and they determined to put an end to this intolerable situation. They provided therefore that treaties should be the law of the land and should take precedence over all state laws.

But because the treaty-making power was, inevitably, supreme and extensive, the Fathers carefully safeguarded its exercise. What are the safeguards? After a treaty has been negotiated by the President, it must be ratified by two-thirds of the Senators present. As a single party rarely commands a two-thirds majority, this means that it must have bipartisan support. It must be Constitutional, or the courts will hold it void. If it turns out to be a really dangerous treaty, Congress can impeach the President who was responsible for it. It must ordinarily be carried out through legislation, and when Congress comes to vote funds for its administration that body has another chance to pass upon its merits. If it is found to be unsatisfactory, in whole or in part, it can be modified or even repudiated by law. Such an action would constitute a grievance for the other contracting nation, but no one doubts its legality.



The Fathers, then, gave amplest authority to the President to conduct foreign relations, and to the Senate to confirm such treaties as he negotiated, and then placed careful safeguards around these powers. Has anything happened in 166 years to suggest that the Fathers went wrong on all this? Has the Constitution, otherwise the object of admiration and reverence, here proved to be a failure? Has the treaty-making power in fact been—as its critics now so vigorously assert—the Trojan horse of the Constitution? Have President and Senate forfeited American liberties, surrendered the Constitutional rights of American citizens, and invaded the proper area of state government through the abuse of the treaty power?

IN THE LAST century and a half the United States has concluded something like nine hundred treaties and perhaps twice that many executive agreements. If the treaty power is the Trojan horse that its critics now assert, certainly that fact must have become apparent during these years.

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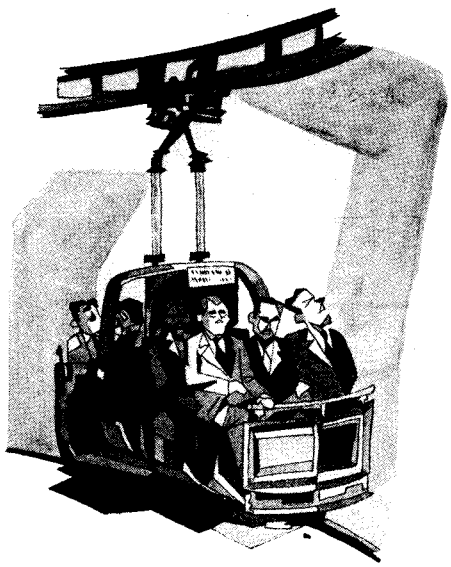
Surely there is at least one treaty that the critics can cite as evidence of a violation of the Constitution or an invasion of liberties of the citizen. But those who criticize the old, familiar method that has done service since we became a sovereign nation and has played its part in making us a great power are wholly without such a bill of particulars. They present instead a long list of purely hypothetical dangers.

What are those hypothetical dangers? There is no mystery about them. They are the dangers anticipated from membership in the United Nations. They are the dangers anticipated from ratification of that body's Draft Covenant on Human Rights, or perhaps from its Genocide Convention, still awaiting Senate action. They are the old isolationist fears of international commitments, particularly in the field of human rights. Thus, Frank E. Holman, past president of the American Bar Association and one of the most vigorous advocates of the Bricker amendment, wrote of those who object to bowdlerizing the Constitution that "They belong to the school of thought that has become so internationally minded that it believes world peace can be achieved by recognizing in the President unlimited power to give America away at the international conference table"; and Senator Bricker himself headed his speech opposing the Draft Covenant on Human Rights, "State Department Endangers Freedom of the Press."

Dulles: 'Liable to Abuse'

The treaty-making power, said John Foster Dulles—before he became Secretary of State—is "an extraordinary power liable to abuse." This almost meaningless phrase is thrown up to us again and again as if it had the force of an argument. The treaty-making power is not an extraordinary but rather an ordinary power. It is, of course, liable to abuse. But all power is liable to abuse, and it is impossible to devise safeguards adequate to every hypothetical abuse. If we are going to guard against hypothetical dangers, against Constitutional powers that are subject to abuse, why bother with anything as carefully circumscribed as the treaty-making power? Why not start with the powers of Congress itself?



Under the Constitution as it now stands, Congress can destroy the executive power by refusing to vote appropriations, by refusing to confirm nominations, or by impeaching the President because it doesn't like the way he conducts his business. Under the Constitution as it now stands, Congress can destroy the Supreme Court by reducing its membership to one, by increasing it to one hundred, or perhaps by impeaching its judges because they grant stays of execution. Under the Constitution as it now stands, Congress can destroy the representative system by refusing admittance to any Congressmen it doesn't happen to approve of, for whatever reasons it chooses to give, because Congress is the judge of its own membership.

ALL THESE DANGERS are hypothetical, but they are no more hypothetical than the dangers that Senator Bricker and his supporters conjure up to justify paralyzing the treaty-making power. Indeed, they are less hypothetical than these dangers. Although no treaty ever has violated the Constitution or bartered away American rights and liberties, Congress has in fact impeached a President without just cause; it has changed the membership of the Supreme Court; it has deprived that court of jurisdiction in a pending case; it has excluded duly elected Congressmen for partisan reasons; it has established military government in time of peace.

But it would be madness to try to write into the Constitution guarantees against all these dangers. If we did, the Constitution would quickly become unworkable, and its zealous defenders would promptly conjure up a new crop of hypothetical dangers. No constitution can guard against every contingency that anybody can think of. No constitution can guard against even ordinary contingencies. No constitution can assure in advance that the President will not misuse his veto power or his pardoning power, or Congress its power of appropriation or of judging its membership, or the Supreme Court its power to declare laws void or to refuse jurisdiction. We have to take our chances on these things, trusting in experience, in common sense, in the integrity of our elected officials and the virtue of our people. Legislation by hypothesis is absurd;

THE TEXT

Following is the text of Senate Joint Resolution 1, to amend the Constitution of the United States, introduced by Senator John W. Bricker (R., Ohio), as amended and approved by the Senate Judiciary Committee:

"Section 1. A provision of a treaty which conflicts with this Constitution shall not be of any force or effect.

"Section 2. A treaty shall become effective as internal law in the United States only through legislation which would be valid in the absence of a treaty.

"Section 3. Congress shall have power to regulate all executive and other agreements with any foreign power or international organization. All such agreements shall be subject to the limitation imposed on treaties by this article.

"Section 4. The Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

"Section 5. This article shall be inoperative unless it shall have been ratified as an amendment to the Constitution by the legislatures of three-fourths of the several States within seven years from the date of its submission."

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constitution making by hypothesis is suicidal.

Bricker's Caveats

But let us look at the Bricker amendment itself. Turn first to the first section, which stipulates that a provision of a treaty which conflicts with the Constitution is of no force or effect. This is an admirable but wholly superfluous sentiment, and the Constitution should not be a depository for admirable sentiments. Of course a treaty contrary to the Constitution is of no force. Only those incapable of understanding the logic of the Constitution, the decisions of the Supreme Court, and the interpretations of commentators, or those bemused by partisanship, ever thought that a treaty could violate the Constitution.

The Constitution itself provides that laws "in pursuance" of the Constitution and treaties made "under the Authority of the United States" are supreme law. This difference in phraseology has given concern to those who tremble for the Constitution, but it should not. It was required because the Fathers wanted to validate treaties made under the authority of the Articles of Confederation, and used this phraseology to do so. The words themselves give no cause for alarm. Only treaties made under the authority of the United States are law, and the United States has no authority to make laws or treaties contrary to the Constitution. The magisterial Justice Joseph Story wrote in 1833 (*Commentaries on the Constitution of the United States*):

"But though the power is thus general and unrestricted, it is not to be so construed as to destroy the fundamental laws of the State. A power given by the Constitution cannot be construed to authorize a destruction of other powers given in the same instrument. It must be construed, therefore, in subordination to it and cannot supersede or interfere with any other of its fundamental provisions." So the Supreme Court has said, in one decision after another, most clearly perhaps in *Geofroy* v. *Riggs* (1890), when it asserted:

"It would not be contended that it [the treaty power] extends so far as to authorize what the Constitution forbids, or a change in the character of the government or in that of one of the States . . ."

And in fact the executive never has made a treaty which has been held to conflict with the Constitution. This, it is relevant to observe, is a much better record than Congress can show. In the same period perhaps seventy or eighty Acts of Congress have been held void by the Courts. If we are going to have amendments to prevent unconstitutional actions by branches of the national government, perhaps Senator Bricker had better start with Congress!

The first section is, then, redundant and superfluous. It is without justification either in logic or in experience. It is based on abstractions rather than on realities. It will introduce no new guarantee into the Constitution, only a new element of confusion. It has no place in the Constitution.

NOW LET US turn to the second section, the heart of the amendment: A treaty "shall become effective as internal law"—that is, shall become effective—"only through legislation *which would be valid in the absence of a treaty.*" Now there are two distinct parts to this section, though the unwary reader might not see this at first glance. The first part requires that before a treaty becomes valid it must be re-enacted by Congress. The second part requires that the legislation re-enacting the treaty

SENATORS SPONSORING THE AMENDMENT

Aiken	(R.) Vermont	Johnson	(D.) Colorado
Barrett	(R.) Wyoming	Johnston	(D.) South Carolina
Beall	(R.) Maryland	Kerr	(D.) Oklahoma
Bennett	(R.) Utah	Knowland	(R.) California
Bricker	(R.) Ohio	Kuchel	(R.) California
Bridges	(R.) New Hampshire	Langer	(R.) North Dakota
Bush	(R.) Connecticut	McCarran	(D.) Nevada
Butler	(R.) Nebraska	McCarthy	(R.) Wisconsin
Butler	(R.) Maryland	McClellan	(D.) Arkansas
Byrd	(D.) Virginia	Magnuson	(D.) Washington
Capehart	(R.) Indiana	Malone	(R.) Nevada
Carlson	(R.) Kansas	Martin	(R.) Pennsylvania
Case	(R.) South Dakota	Maybank	(D.) South Carolina
Chavez	(D.) New Mexico	Mundt	(R.) South Dakota
Cordon	(R.) Oregon	Payne	(R.) Maine
Daniel	(D.) Texas	Potter	(R.) Michigan
Dirksen	(R.) Illinois	Purtell	(R.) Connecticut
Duff	(R.) Pennsylvania	Robertson	(D.) Virginia
Dworshak	(R.) Idaho	Saltonstall	(R.) Massachusetts
Eastland	(D.) Mississippi	Schoeppel	(R.) Kansas
Ellender	(D.) Louisiana	Smathers	(D.) Florida
Ferguson	(R.) Michigan	Smith	(R.) New Jersey
Flanders	(R.) Vermont	Smith	(R.) Maine
Frear	(D.) Delaware	Smith*	(D.) North Carolina
Gillette	(D.) Iowa	Stennis	(D.) Mississippi
Goldwater	(R.) Arizona	Taft*	(R.) Ohio
Griswold	(R.) Nebraska	Thye	(R.) Minnesota
Hendrickson	(R.) New Jersey	Tobey*	(R.) New Hampshire
Hickenlooper	(R.) Iowa	Watkins	(R.) Utah
Hoey	(D.) North Carolina	Welker	(R.) Idaho
Ives	(R.) New York	Williams	(R.) Delaware
Jenner	(R.) Indiana	Young	(R.) North Dakota

* Deceased

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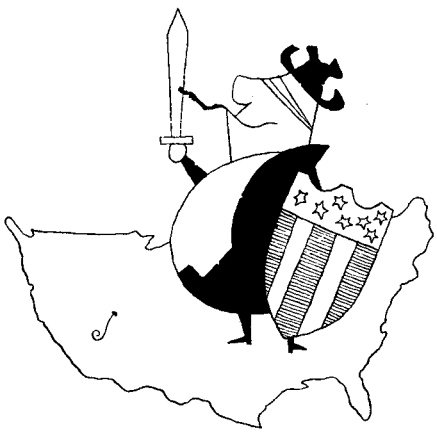
be within the specifically enumerated and delegated powers of Congress—that it may not deal with matters which belong to the states.

This section repudiates the treaty-making arrangements written into the Constitution and substitutes for them arrangements that were considered and rejected by its framers. The first part of it introduces what would prove to be intolerable delays and complications in treaty making. To the two steps at present required —negotiation by the President and ratification by the Senate—it adds three more: enactment by the House, re-enactment by the Senate, and the approval of the President—who by that time may be a different President. As the State Department has said:

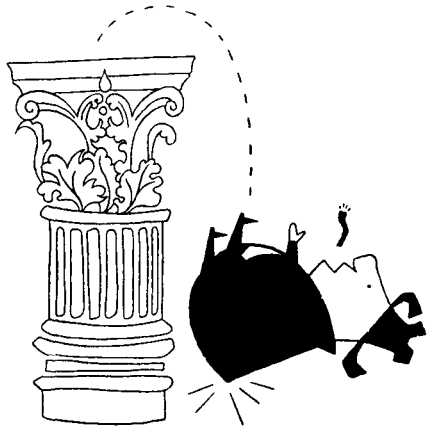
"Our ability to assure those with whom we negotiate that when we seal the bargain, there is a reasonable ground to believe that it will be made effective with the advice and consent of the Senate, is an essential ingredient in our ability to negotiate successfully."

This point is bad enough, but even more serious would be the effect of the "which" clause: "which would be valid in the absence of a treaty." At first glance, to be sure, it seems natural enough to provide that Congress should not deal by treaty with matters outside its ordinary province. After all, say the supporters of the Bricker amendment, our Constitutional system is one in which enumerated powers are granted to Congress and all other powers are reserved to the states or the people thereof. Under that system Congress may not go into the states and dispose of matters under state jurisdiction. How wrong, therefore, how lawless and how wicked, to permit



the Congress to do by treaty what it cannot do by internal or domestic law! And the amenders point, with mingled fear and indignation, to the decision of the Supreme Court in *Missouri* v. *Holland,* which held that though Congress could not in the normal course of things legislate about migratory ducks, it might do so in order to carry out the provisions of a convention with Canada. If Congress can invade the rights of duck hunters in Missouri, the amenders say, what may it not do?

A moment's reflection will discover the fallacy of this reasoning, and even the hastiest recourse to history will reveal that the Fathers specifically rejected the argument now put forward on behalf of states' rights. In the domestic field, powers are divided between national and state governments, and each government is confined to its own area. But there is no such division in the field



of foreign relations. Here the national government has all power, and powers not exercised by that government cannot be exercised at all. And, be it never forgotten, the authority to make treaties was assigned to the Federal government by the Constitution, so that when the President makes a treaty and the Senate confirms it, they are acting under the Constitution. National power in this domain cannot be limited by what Justice Holmes—in the same migratory-bird case — called "invisible radiation from the general terms of the Tenth Amendment."

Treaties and States

Now the fact is that the majority of our treaties, even the most important ones, have dealt in part or wholly

with matters internally under the jurisdiction of the states. Here are included the numerous treaties dealing with reciprocal rights to own property, to inherit, to do business, to collect debts, to organize a corporation, to escape discriminatory taxes, to enjoy religious freedom, to have access to courts, to enter a profession, and so forth. All these matters and others are normally within the scope of state rather than of national power. But when the interests of Americans abroad are at stake, they cease to be "domestic" and become national, cease to remain matters of internal legislation and become matters of international legislation. Yet under the Bricker amendment Congress could not make such reciprocal treaties or the President such reciprocal agreements.

If this provision of the Bricker amendment had been in the original Constitution it would have made it impossible to enforce the treaty with France of 1778, the treaty with the Netherlands of 1782, or the peace treaty of Paris of 1783, and it would have nullified equally the first major treaty under the Constitution, the Jay Treaty of 1795. All of these treaties dealt with "internal" matters, with matters normally under the jurisdiction of the states. Thus the treaty with France gave to nationals of both countries the right to inherit land. But under then existing laws of several states aliens could not inherit or hold land. Thus the treaty with the Netherlands provided not only for reciprocal property rights but for reciprocal liberty of worship—another matter under

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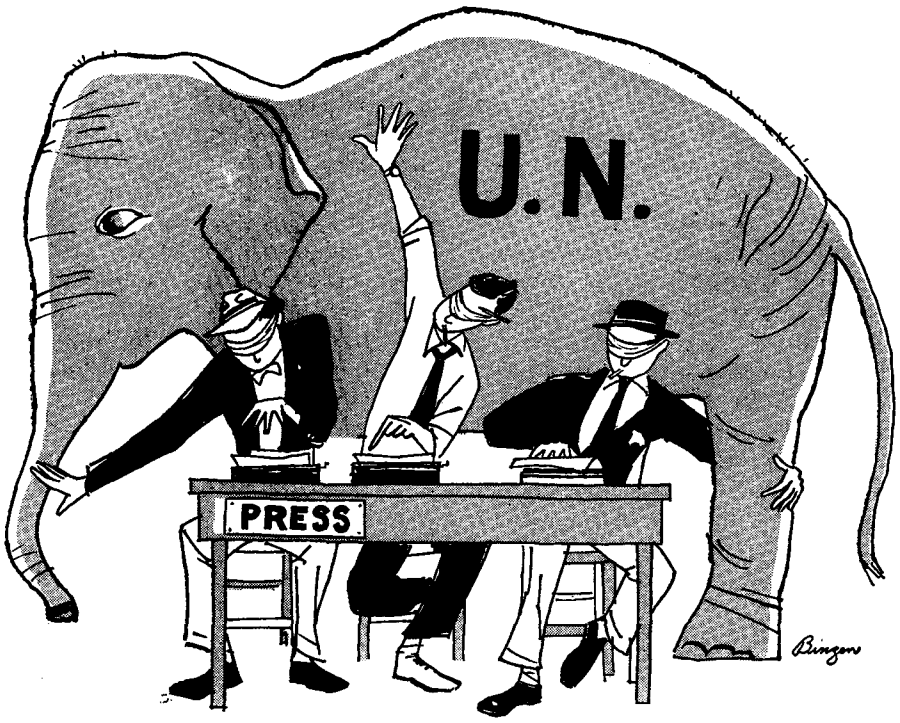
the jurisdiction of the states alone. Thus the Treaty of Paris dealt with such matters as the payment of debts and the confiscation by the states of loyalist estates—matters wholly under the jurisdiction of the states. The Fathers of the Constitution deliberately designed the treaty-making power to embrace such situations.

Nor do we need *Missouri* v. *Holland* to tell us this, as the proponents of the amendment seem to think. One of the earliest decisions of the Supreme Court, *Ware* v. *Hylton,* 1796, made just this point. It held that a Virginia law confiscating the debt of a British creditor could not stand against the provision of a treaty providing that there should be no impediments to the collection of lawful debts.

IT IS ILLUMINATING to examine a very recent treaty—that with Italy of 1949—in the light of the proposed amendment. This treaty provides for the reciprocal rights of citizens of the United States and of Italy to engage in business, carry on scientific and professional activities, and own or rent land; it guarantees security of persons and of property, freedom of conscience, freedom of worship, and freedom of the press; it gives a variety of reciprocal rights to corporations. Most of these things are matters normally of state concern; under the Bricker amendment Congress could not legislate on them and the President could therefore not negotiate about them.

The supporters of the proposed amendment will answer that of course Congress might legislate on these matters under the commerce clause of the Constitution—not all of them, to be sure, but most of them. It is an intriguing theory. All that we need to remark here is that if the states'-rights school is really ready to concede to Congress the power to legislate on the whole field of property and personal rights, this is a curious way to go about making the concession. But the agitation of Senator Bricker and his associates over the possibility of Congressional legislation under the Draft Covenant for Human Rights permits us to doubt that they have really become thoroughgoing nationalists overnight.

The fact is that the second section of the proposed amendment would



frustrate an important part of the Constitution, paralyze the President in his relations with foreign nations, threaten the rights of Americans abroad, and return us, in this arena, to a worse condition than that which we suffered during the Confederation. As President Eisenhower has said, it "would have had the effect of depriving the President of the capacity necessary to carry on negotiations with foreign governments. . ."

The Executive-Agreement Peril

All the objections to the second section of the proposed amendment apply with equal force to the third section. This section likewise contains two parts. The first provides that Congress shall have the power to "regulate all executive and other agreements with any foreign power or international organization"; the other provides that all such agreements shall be subject to the qualification written into the second section—that they become valid only through legislation which is valid in the absence of a treaty.

It is not hard to understand why Congress has become restless about executive agreements. After all, the executive agreement is nowhere specifically provided for in the Constitution, and the habit of relying on the executive agreement instead of using the slower and more cautious treaty method is a growing one. Thus while the first century of our history saw more treaties than executive agreements, the last decade has recorded more than a thousand executive agreements and fewer than a hundred treaties—a ten-to-one ratio.

It is not, however, the executive agreement as such that the proponents of the amendment chiefly object to, but particular examples of such agreements. No discussion of this section fails to note that Yalta and Potsdam were executive agreements, and this particular section is in fact one more gambit in the partisan game of "proving" that Presidents Roosevelt and Truman sold the United States down the river. Is this too extreme a statement? Listen again to Mr. Holman: The opponents of the amendment, he says, believe that peace can be achieved "by recognizing in the President unlimited power to give America away at the international conference table." And the Wisconsin State Republican Party, censuring Senator Alexander Wiley for his failure to support this amendment, resolved: "The power of executive agreements has resulted in such catastrophes as Yalta, Potsdam, and Teheran . . . the Bricker amendment is designed to safeguard our freedoms."

THIS IS no place to argue the significance of Yalta and Potsdam, but it is the place to insist that we do

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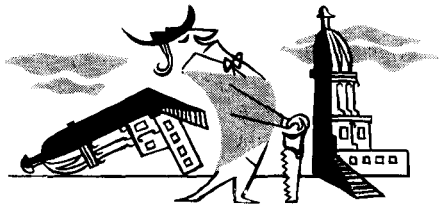
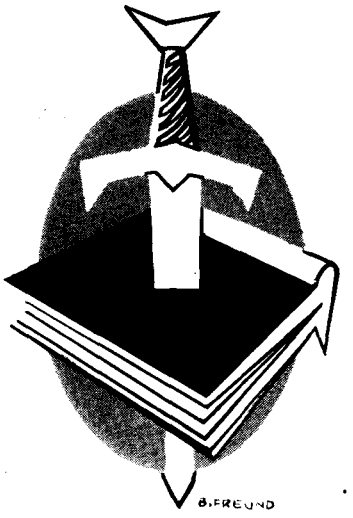
not make the Constitution the sounding board for partisan arguments. The executive agreement has been a useful and even necessary device from almost the beginning of our history. It has enabled the President to deal promptly with a host of matters that required dispatch and that could not, in the nature of things, be dealt with adequately by Congress. Yet it is already clear that Congress can at any time regulate an executive agreement or even repeal it—just as Congress can modify or repeal a treaty. No Constitutional amendment is needed to bring executive agreements under the Constitution or even under the power of Congress.

But the proposed provision is fraught with danger for the efficient operation of our government in its relations with foreign nations. Yalta and Potsdam were not the only executive agreements; there were also the Rush-Bagot agreement, the destroyer-bases deal, and the arrangements for the military government of Japan. The public probably does not appreciate the nature and scope of the executive agreement in recent times. In the last decade, for example, the United States has made half a hundred executive agreements for health and sanitation assistance to nations in the Western Hemisphere, similar agreements for educational and cultural assistance, and still others for military missions and military assistance. Most questions of international aviation and international radio wavelengths are dealt with by executive agreements, and so too are most of the issues raised by the International Labor Organization or by UNESCO. If Congress were really to pass on all of these and similar agreements, it would have little time for anything else.

Of course Congress might dispose of all problems concerning international sanitation or aviation or trade by blanket authorization. But the Bricker amendment would automatically bring before Congress every executive agreement and every other





agreement as well. It would be impossible to anticipate these, and undesirable to provide for them in a vacuum. The term "other agreements," strictly interpreted, would also include military agreements such as TORCH or OVERLORD, or an agreement for an armistice in Korea. Proponents of the Bricker amendment argue that such agreements can be made by the President as commander in chief. So they can—now. But the Constitution is not a series of mutually exclusive provisions, and if it declares that Congress shall regulate all executive agreements, it is clear that agreements made by the Chief Executive as commander in chief will come before Congress.

'Time Has Demonstrated . . .'

This proposed amendment, then, is bad when examined section by section and phrase by phrase. It is bad when looked at as a whole. For a system that has worked well it would substitute a system that is bound to work ill. For a system that concentrates authority and responsibility and achieves a reasonable degree of promptness it would substitute a system that diffuses authority and is bound to work endless delays. For a system that has commanded and can continue to command the confidence of other nations it will substitute a method that can only foster misgivings and confusion in other nations.

¶The amendment is inspired by fear, and the Constitution should not be distorted to reflect unworthy fears.

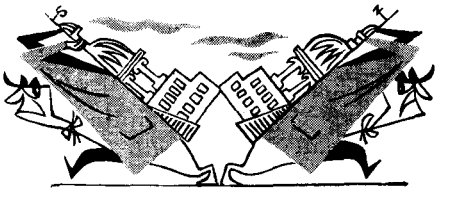
¶The amendment is inspired by ignorance of our Constitutional system and of sound principles of government, and the Constitution should not be changed to reflect current misunderstandings of political history and political principles.

¶The amendment is inspired by Congressional suspicion of the executive power, and the Constitution should not be misused to paralyze that power when our international responsibilities imperatively demand the strengthening, not the weakening, of the executive branch.

¶The amendment is inspired by a partisan desire to score on recent Democratic Administrations, and the Constitution should not be used for partisan purposes.

¶The amendment is inspired by an unwillingness to assume the great role which the United States is now required to play in world affairs, by a yearning to be free of any "entanglements" that might have domestic repercussions, and the Constitution should not be "contracted into the narrowest possible compass" for meager ends, but should be made a fit instrument for a nation able and willing to fulfill its responsibilities in the modern world. It should not be used as an indirect method of evading our responsibility as a U.N. member.

WHAT Justice Joseph Story wrote about the treaty power in his great *Commentaries,* over a century ago, is wonderfully relevant today: "The treaty-making power . . . was declaimed against with uncommon energy as dangerous to the commonwealth and subversive of public liberty. Time has demonstrated the fallacy of such prophecies, and has confirmed the belief of the friends of the Constitution, that it would be not only safe but full of wisdom and sound policy. Perhaps no stronger illustration than this can be found, of the facility of suggesting ingenious objections to any system calculated to create public alarm, and to wound public confidence, which, at the same time, are unfounded in human experience or in just reasoning."



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Three Sketches From Berlin

MARYA MANNES

1. The Desert

THE SUBWAY had already stopped at eleven stations in the east sector, and it was with a little unease that I asked an old man near me where one got off for the Stalin Allee. "The one after this," he said; and then a woman next to him turned to me and said, "You are interested to see these things?" She seemed poor and tired, gray of skin. But her eyes behind their rimless glasses seemed friendly enough, and I answered, "Yes—very."

"If you will get off at the next station and follow me, I will show you where I live," she said.

Here, then, was one of the 1.2 million Berliners living under the East German government. I was sure that once in her home I would hear at ~~first~~ hand the tragedy of her condition, that she had seen in me an outsider whom she felt she could trust.

We got out at the Marchlewski Street stop, where the darkness of the station and the shabbiness of the guards already marked it from the western side of the city. The stairs emerged right on the Stalin Allee, and as I followed the woman I stared at the Soviet boulevard with excitement. A few hundred yards along the sidewalk she beckoned me into the entrance of one of the cream-colored blocks of buildings that line, with dreadful uniformity, the entire mile-long street.

"Look," she said, pointing to the name plates on one wall, "each of us has his own name and his bell!" Her voice was proud. She went into a small elevator and as she pressed the button her eyes glowed. We got out on the fourth floor and she led me into her apartment. "This is all ours," she said. "Four rooms."

First the kitchen, a fair-sized room with two windows facing the avenue and equipment that you could find, say, in one of the earliest New York housing developments: a small enamel sink, a small gas stove, some cupboards.

"It is nice and light," I said.

"Yes," she said, "I am an activist—a party member for twenty-seven years—so They let me have this place. You understand, only activists and intelligentsia can live here."

She led me back into the small entrance hall where chromos of Marx, Lenin, and Stalin decorated the three walls, and then into the living-and-dining room, a chamber about fourteen feet by ten. The furnishings were tawdry and tasteless: chromos of horses and flowers on the walls, cheap Oriental-type rugs on the floor, tasseled covers on everything. Her face demanded admiration, so I bestowed it.

"I was badly bombed out in the war," she said, "in a terrible state—and then They said I could live here because of all I had done for the party. Think of it, all this, with central heating and an elevator and running water, all for fifty-nine marks a month!" She showed me the bathroom—adequate equipment, not very clean, crowded with extraneous objects. And then the bedroom facing the Allee. There was a wide double bed which had not been made. On top of the tumbled, grayish sheets were saucers piled with cigarette stubs, a dirty, torn bath towel, and a man's flannel undershirt.

I ASKED HER what work she did, and she said, "Very important work—a power plant! I stand at one of the big machines—that is why my hands are dirty." Her hours were from six A.M. to three P.M. one week, with the night shift on alternate weeks. She had obvious pride in her work, as in her home, as in the German People's Democracy.

"At last," she said, looking about her and sighing, "They are doing something for the workers!" There was nothing I could say that she would understand. I looked at her again so that I could remember what a dedicated and fortunate Communist looked like. There was certainly nothing in her straggling hair and worn clothes that marked her from her sisters. But she was proud and she was fulfilled, and the life she now led was the best life one could lead, since she knew of no other.

I thanked her profusely for her kindness, and she bowed her acknowledgment with a sort of majesty. As I left, she said: "You should visit the Warschau Café—it is new and a very fine place." I nodded and thanked her again.

STALIN ALLEE is about the width of two four-lane highways. On each side and down the middle are wide sidewalks for pedestrians. The

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paving, the earth, and the stone are all the same color—a sort of desert color. The buildings are designed to impose, and if they were well planned, the very spaciousness of their placing would be imposing. But so skimped and bleak and fussy is their architecture—of no style, with its flat relief designs, its occasional meager colonnades, its little turrets, moldings, and pediments—that they succeed only in producing the effect of bulk. There is so much of them and they go on for so long.

The shops are all alike and all state owned and operated. The food shops seem well stocked, if uniformly so, and the prices look low enough. But to the workers with three hundred Eastmarks a month (the average wage) a pound of butter at twelve marks is not cheap. The clothing stores have only the shoddiest suits, costing about 150 to 200 marks. The radios in the electric shops are exorbitantly priced.

At one point I passed an open space before a small House of Culture, the only break so far in the line of apartments and the only place where I saw grass and flower beds.

The Warschau Café has a discreet entrance, something like a hotel's, on the Stalin Allee. It looks, in fact, like the dining room of a rather pretentious middle-class hotel. Modern chandeliers light the ceiling; the tables are covered with white cloths; the walls are white, and the waiters wear white coats. In the large window facing the side street is a display of orchids sprouting in moss baskets that hang from an artificial tree.

Many of the customers were People's Police—youths in thick greenish-brown uniforms who looked no more than fifteen. They were eating ice cream. The other inhabitants were obviously better dressed and more prosperous than the woman activist or the people in the street. Everyone was very quiet, as if hushed by the grandeur of the surroundings.

Out on Stalin Allee again I found myself hurrying toward the subway station. It was not fear that impelled me, but rather a profound depression. The afternoon had shown me none of the terrors of the Communist state but only its normal

climate—a compound of ugliness, ignorance, and isolation that only prisons can produce. In concept the Stalin Allee might well have been a noble vision; perhaps the thousands of workers whose wage cuts paid for it saw it as such. As a reality, it is a noble fact only to those who know of no achievements, human and architectural, on that scale. To those who do, it is a lifeless waste.

2. The Herr Doktor

"The Americans must know," he shouted, "that the western alliance is the most dangerous threat to peace since Hitler—and the only threat!" Dr. P.'s face darkened with anger as he went on. "What are your soldiers doing on the tip of Greenland, in Africa, in the Far East? Who is threatening you?"

East Germany's shrewdest, most feared defense lawyer spoke over a table in the Neva Restaurant, one of east Berlin's "fashionable" places. Little pots of caviar were at each place and Russian champagne filled the glasses. The Neva was, like the Warschau Café, formal, tasteless, and bourgeois. The atmosphere was strangely stale, as if the room had never been properly aired or cleaned. A small band played dance music, and two or three couples danced. Most of the tables were occupied by well-dressed people, and the doktor interrupted his discourses periodically to nod toward them and say, "Look at our starving population. Give them food packages, why don't you?" It was useless to point out that the East Germans who could afford to dine at the Neva were a handful.

He went on to say many things that *Pravda* says, and Radio-Berlin-Einz says, and the puppet government says: that America is rapidly turning fascist, that America is supporting the very Nazis and capitalists who made Germany the scourge of the world and will do so again, that only Americans like Howard Fast have what is left of American greatness, of the spirit of Lincoln and Jefferson. "Jefferson would not have murdered the Rosenbergs!" cried Dr. P. Someone said, "Do not let us speak of murder, Herr Doktor. The Soviet has murdered millions." The doktor shrugged and laughed and said that was too preposterous to discuss.

After the caviar and the champagne, the waiter brought each of us Soviet brandy in large wineglasses and a tartar beefsteak for the doktor, which he mixed and patted with evident pleasure. There was nothing small about the doktor's tastes. He smoked only American cigarettes, a marked misdemeanor among lesser Communists, and his B.M.W. car was fitted out with parts unobtainable in east Berlin. Whenever new tires, new plugs, or new gadgets were needed, his chauffeur would buy them in the western sectors.

The doktor was very proud of his car. He had come for us that night in west Berlin and driven us back into the eastern sector at a demonic clip, his chauffeur pushing the throttle to eighty-five miles an hour down the long, wide Charlottenburg Chaussee (now renamed the "17th of June") and coming to a squealing stop at the checkpoint of the Brandenburger Tor, that gaunt and handsome gateway through the Iron Curtain. The east sector police took

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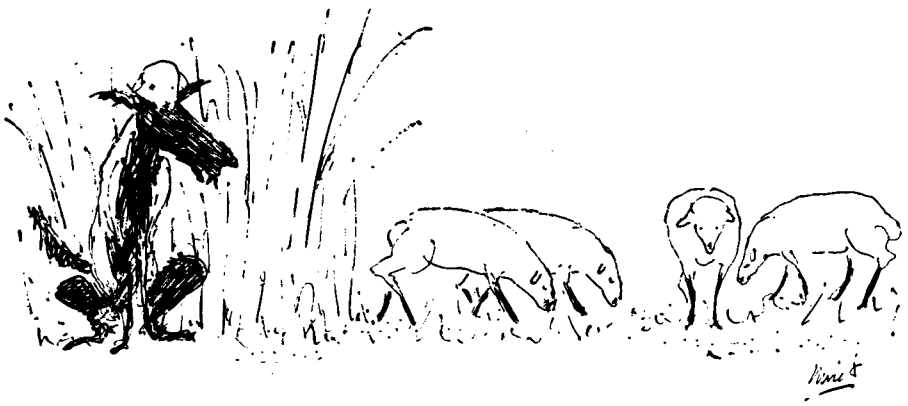
one look at the doktor and saluted, and we entered his territory. The streets we had left in west Berlin had been full of lights and people, but here there was the blackness and silence of a curfew. The doktor was chuckling with pleasure at the spurt of speed. "New engine," he said, "brand new!"

During the ride and later at the table, his wife had sat silent, neither eating nor drinking. Smartly dressed, "western" in face and poise, she seemed either ill or unhappy. Her husband patted her hand often and called her *Herzchen*—"little heart"—but she barely smiled. It was hard to guess why she had married this violent and dedicated Communist. Sometimes, when we spoke up for the West and refuted the doktor, she would glance at us briefly with what seemed a flicker of approval and despair.



After Dr. P.'s third glass of brandy and some kind words for Winston Churchill (since Churchill's speech of May 11, the name of this once reactionary imperialist has luster in the East), he dropped the dialectic and spoke of his life. When he did, a great many things became clear. A Jew, a German, and a Communist, he had his first taste of a fascist state in 1933, when Hitler's men put him into a concentration camp and left him there for five years. In 1938 he was released on condition that he leave the country, which he did, for Colombia. Once free of Germany, he had only one desire: to reach the U.S.S.R. This he planned to do by way of the United States.

By working as a dishwasher and porter for several months, he managed to pay his passage from Colombia to New York, arriving in 1939. There he managed to keep himself fed and clothed (and presumably active in Communist circles) until December, 1941, when Pearl Harbor decided his fate as an enemy alien and he was put in a detention camp.

Since he consistently refused to take out citizenship papers or acquire them by serving in the Army, he stayed in various American camps for four years under the watchful and nervous eyes of the Army and the FBI. At one point he was put—the solitary anti-Nazi—in a prison camp in Texas run entirely by Nazi officers, and there he was so severely beaten up that he was removed in a stretcher to an anti-Nazi camp. It was a much-publicized incident, reflecting no credit on the American camp commandant who had—through tacit approval of the Nazis—let it occur.

At the end of the war in 1945, the doktor was released, and shortly after managed to stow away on a Liberty ship bound for Europe. He was discovered the first day out and thrown into the brig. On landing in Europe he was turned over to the U.S. Army and more camps. It was not until 1946 that he managed to get to east Berlin, a man at last free to pursue his dreams of a better world, free to fight and work against the society which had used him so ill and which he quite genuinely believed was rotten to the core. His hatred for the United States was incandescent. "Tell your people," he cried that night, "that we don't want their jukeboxes and their hot jazz and their colored shirts and their bobby-soxers! We don't want any part of it—and we don't want their food parcels either!"

The doktor's story was not a pretty one, and it took little imagination to see what long years of confinement and scorn would do. But it also took little imagination to see how such a man as Dr. P. could bring hatred and suspicion upon himself. His brilliance, his arrogance, and his sardonic humor are qualities hard for simpler men to like. To the equipment, not always sympathetic, of the central European intellectual was added that compulsion toward conspiracy and trouble which is the mark of the Communist, and it was quite possible to understand how he might have driven even a tolerant American to intolerant action.

But the doktor seemed now—at this moment at least—quite happy. He made jokes, he spoke of his friend Eisler with amused pity—the fellow had had plenty of luck, but now. . . ! And he ordered his fourth beaker of brandy. It was after one o'clock. There was no one else left in the Neva. The waiters, tired and white, were removing the cloths from the other tables and dimming the lights. The doktor's wife begged him not to drink another brandy, but he ignored her, chuckling. Then one of us said, "I think they want to go home," nodding toward the waiters.

"Ach," said the doktor, his scarred face genial and relaxed, "never mind about them."

His wife turned to us for a fleeting second, and her sad eyes seemed to say, "You see? You see how it is?"

3. *Borderline Case*

"Number 7!" The door opened and a youth of about eighteen came in and sat down before a bare table. Facing him at an adjacent table covered with notes and dossiers sat three people—two men and a woman. One was from the C.D.U. (Christian Democrats), one from the F.D.P. (Free Democrats), and one from the S.P.D. (Socialists). They were there to decide—as they had to every day—whether this particular refugee from the East Zone should be admitted into West Germany.

The boy had a shock of black hair, a rather sullen face, and very shabby clothes.

"Your name is Werner Kraus?"

"Ja."

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"Born November 12, 1935, in Königsberg, East Prussia?"

"Ja."

And then came the story that had been repeated with few variations by at least three other applicants of that single morning. Parents vanished when the Soviets overran East Prussia. Joined the F.D.J. (Free German Youth), later the S.E.D. (Socialist Unity Party of Germany), then the People's Police. Served in an artillery regiment, indoctrinated in a political course, sent to east Berlin in 1952 for guard duty.

"Why did you leave and come over?"

"I didn't like their politics" or—many times—"I had a run-in with my superior officer" or "I was just fed up" or "I wanted to work." Often they spoke of June 17, the day of the first Berlin riots.

In the questioning of this sullen youth with the black hair, it emerged that he drank heavily and had the habit of hitting people when he did. His desertion from the People's Police was therefore more an escape from further punishment of his misdemeanors than the political conflict which he—and all of them—professed.

The interrogation ended, the board sent him out of the room while they deliberated his case. One of them, a man with a deeply lined, compassionate face, turned to me and said, "You see what we are up against. This boy lies. He is a potential troublemaker. He may easily become criminal. Yet we must take him in—partly because of his youth and partly because if we send him back to the East Zone he will get ten to twelve years for desertion. That will be the end of him."

The woman on the board shrugged and sighed, and the third member went to open the door and called the boy back in.

"We have decided," said the first man, "to let you in." The boy looked up briefly. "But we must make this clear to you. Everything you learned over there," and the board man jerked his head toward the east, "you must forget. That stuff is no good over here—you must wipe it from your mind, although it may be hard to do so. Your record is not good but we are giving you one more chance. We are trusting you. See that you live up to this trust."

The boy nodded and looked down again. The man went on. "You will be sent to the hostel at G—— where you will learn a trade and be under supervision for a year along with other boys. Then you will be ready for a job and a constructive life in a real democracy."

The board gave him specific instructions as to where to report for his passage to the hostel and dismissed him.

"Number 8!" called the woman.

And in they came—a couple with a small child, the wife pregnant, the husband forty-five with the look of a Nazi; he had exchanged service in the Wehrmacht for duty in the People's Police. Then more boys, some clear-eyed and honest, others enclosed and suspect, like Werner Kraus. They were, said the board, a trickle compared to the months during the preceding winter and the weeks right after June 17. Those who understood the true meaning of a Communist society had already fled. These were the slow thinkers, the latecomers, impelled more by expediency than inner despair. . . .

Secretary McKay Looks In the Wrong Dam Places

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Before the invention of the telegraph, political parties occasionally made different noises about a crucial issue in different parts of the country—and got away with it. Can it still be done in the age of radio, television, and teletype?

A strange ambivalence seems to characterize the Republican Party's pronouncements on Federal power dams.

In the East statements have been released withdrawing the government from responsibility for hydroelectric development. The President himself has referred to Federal projects of this sort as "creeping Socialism," and the Interior Department has indicated that local communities and private power companies must take over the generating of kilowatts.

But in the West a different policy has been enunciated. Secretary of the Interior Douglas McKay and many of his aides have told Westerners that the national government must build more power dams. They have even suggested specific sites for the dams. Curiously enough, the sites mentioned are invariably places where dams can be built only by flooding out towns, farms, railroads, and highways worth many millions of dollars.

The value of a dam is frequently determined by the size of its reservoir. If the concrete battlement holds back a vast quantity of water, power production will remain steady during the dry season after the snow is gone from the high mountains. The lake behind Hoover Dam, for instance, measures 115 miles long. Surveyors are constantly searching for sites where a huge lake can be made without drowning out rich

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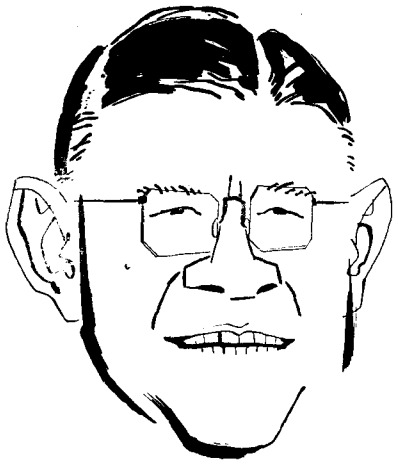
holdings in improved land. Indeed, one of the principal Republican criticisms of the Tennessee Valley Authority during the 1930's was that the TVA dams would flood fertile acres needed for agriculture.

In 1948 the Army Corps of Engineers prepared, at a cost of $5 million, a comprehensive report analyzing all dam sites in the Columbia River Basin. The report pointed out that one particular site involved an extraordinarily "small amount of relocation for a project of such magnitude, as a major portion of the reservoir area is rough and undeveloped." This was Hell's Canyon on the Snake River in Idaho.



Secretary McKay

The Army said a negligible three per cent of the total cost of the dam would have to be spent for drowned-out farms, towns, and arteries of communication. Accordingly, most of the money spent at Hell's Canyon could be devoted to purposes that would yield a direct financial return.

Creeping Favoritism

Shortly after he took his oath of office, Secretary McKay announced that the government no longer objected to the Idaho Power Company's proposed construction of three smaller dams in place of the Hell's Canyon project. And a few months later, on June 20, Secretary McKay told the people of the West that the government ought to build a dam at Libby, Montana, on the Kootenai River, another tributary of the Columbia.

The report of the Corps of Engineers discloses some striking facts about this second location. In 1948 the cost of the Libby project was estimated at $239 million. The report continued: "Cost estimates for reservoir land and improvements to be acquired and for relocation of highways and railways in the reservoir represent about one-third of the total project cost—$81,240,000." In other words, one-third of the total cost would have to be spent by the government for property flooded by the dam. This expenditure would amount to net loss, with no possible amortization.

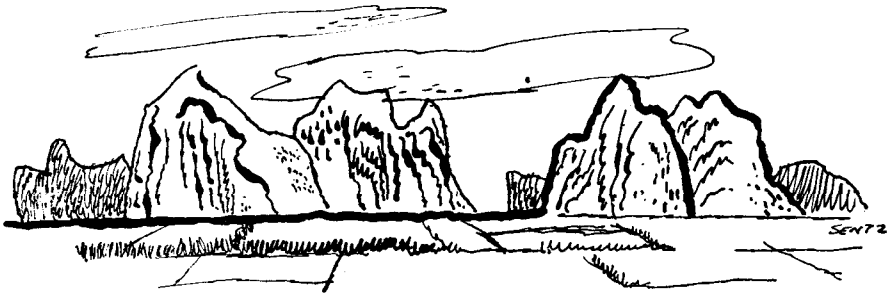
At about the same time Secretary McKay announced his endorsement of the Libby site, Under Secretary of the Interior Ralph A. Tudor was giving his own blessing to the Kooskia site on the Clearwater River of Idaho. The reservoir behind this dam would drown 4,020 cultivated acres of alfalfa and row crops, a third of which is being farmed by Indians with whom the government has treaties. The water would also rise above the level of three villages with a combined population of 1,450. Furthermore, the Kooskia reservoir would change completely and permanently the wilderness character of the Northwest's two most remote and idyllic streams for campers, the Lochsa and Selway Rivers.

NOT TO BE outdone by his Under Secretary in the promotion of government dams, the free-enterprising Secretary of the Interior next announced that the Nez Percé site on the Snake River was "at least as good as Hell's Canyon, and maybe better." But one rather salient fact was omitted from Mr. McKay's announcement. The Hell's Canyon site is *above* the mouth of the Salmon River, where it joins the Snake. The Nez Percé site lies *below* the confluence of the Snake and the Salmon. Building a dam at the Nez Percé site could be fatal to the Northwest's oldest industry, the canning and packing of the Columbia River's salmon.

All power plans thus far have been directed toward avoiding construction of any high dams downstream from the mouth of the Salmon River of Idaho. Why? The name of the river supplies the answer. Although the Columbia Valley is ribbed with nearly a thousand tributary streams, at least forty per cent of the valuable run of spring Chinook salmon spawns in one stream alone—the Salmon. Cannery operators at Astoria, the country's biggest salmon-packing town, have long claimed that construction of a Nez Percé Dam would mean the end of the fishing industry. The dam would probably be too high for fish ladders, and, in addition, the fingerling salmon on their way downstream toward the Pacific could never survive the shattering fall over a parapet almost six hundred feet high.

OBSERVERS in the Northwest are puzzled. Although the Administration is saving free enterprise in the East, its spokesmen in the West are advocating the construction of more dams with government money. Yet the proposed sites always seem to be those where such considerations as flooded farmland and migrating salmon make construction impracticable. Good sites such as Hell's Canyon are to be reserved for private industry.

Can it be that the defenders of free enterprise and sound fiscal practices are deliberately proposing Federal development of inefficient and marginal dam sites?



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The Farmer Looks at Washington

LEONARD HALL

LAST MONTH I went down into the deep Ozark country to look over a tract of timber. The route took me out along beautiful Current River to Owl's Bend, where I crossed on the two-car, hand-propelled ferry operated by my old friend Eule Sutton, who thus supplements the income from his small mountain farm. As usual, Eule had a story to tell.

It seemed that Eule had an elderly neighbor who lived on the head of Brushy Creek and had always voted the straight Democratic ticket. Early last year, the REA brought a power line down through the "holler" where the old man lived and it wasn't long, what with fifteen years of prosperity on the farm, before he had fixed up the homestead with electric lights, running water, washing machine, refrigerator, and radio. Then all through the summer and autumn, he tuned in the radio to political speeches telling about how something called "creeping socialism" had been stealing free enterprise away from us farmers. The old fellow finally became alarmed and decided it was "time for a change"; so he went to the polls in November and marked the first Republican ballot of his life.

Things went along all right until early summer, when the sweet corn was ripe in the old man's garden and the melons were showing their yellow blossoms. About that time one of his yearling steers took to jumping the fence each night to feast on roasting ears and grow fat. He stood this for about a week, then loaded the steer into his pickup truck and hauled it in to the local livestock auction, where he expected it would fetch $130 or thereabouts. When the steer was led into the ring, the bidding climbed to $62, and there it stuck. The old man now had the option of accepting the bid or of hauling his steer home again; and the auctioneer, sensing his hesitation, prodded him a bit.

"Make up your mind, John," he said. "Are you goin' to take it or not?"

"Well, by gravy," said the old fellow, pushing his battered hat back on his head, "I voted fer it, so I reckon I'll *have* to take it."

Not-So-Rugged Individualism

One moral of this story is that farmers look to Washington in good times and bad. Those of us who live on the land often boast of our independence and rugged individualism, yet when the going gets tough, like every other sector of the population we expect the government to do something about it. This is why our farm bloc is one of the most powerful groups in Congress and why Congressmen who have rural constituencies try to stay close to the grass roots. It is why farm policy gets its full share of news headlines, why we have the system of price supports for basic farm commodities which is known as "parity," and why the doings and pronouncements of Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson are followed with such interest across the nation.

Our claims to rugged individualism, coupled with our obvious unwillingness to trust our economic fortunes entirely to the free market, make us farmers something of an enigma to city dwellers; it is equally clear that we do not always understand ourselves. Yet the explanation of this phenomenon is fairly simple. Urban Americans no longer are as acutely conscious of their stake in the land as when most of them had parents, brothers, or cousins who still farmed for a living. And the farmers who operate the biggest American industry have by no means mastered all the complexities of our vast industrial economy.

IT IS EXTREMELY DIFFICULT, if not altogether impossible, to make the operation of the family farm conform to a hard-and-fast set of economic laws. The reason for this is not that there are so many kinds of farming; this condition is true of all business. A more logical explanation is that each individual farming operation is governed by a different set of conditions *within itself*. Many skills are required for the successful conduct of any business. But it is seldom in the average business that all of these skills must be encompassed by a single individual. Yet this is exactly what happens in agriculture. The man operating the family-sized farm must be manager, financier, and production expert. He must be mechanically minded enough to operate, maintain, and repair a wide variety of farm tools and machines which today are remarkably complex. He must be livestock expert, soil scientist, and engineer; and he must also know when to buy and when to sell.

He is also a man who has made a big investment. Although the average investment per two-hundred-acre farm has been given as $30,000, the total includes the large number of marginal and subsistence farms that contribute little or nothing to the whole farm economy. A figure of $75,000 for land, buildings, equip-

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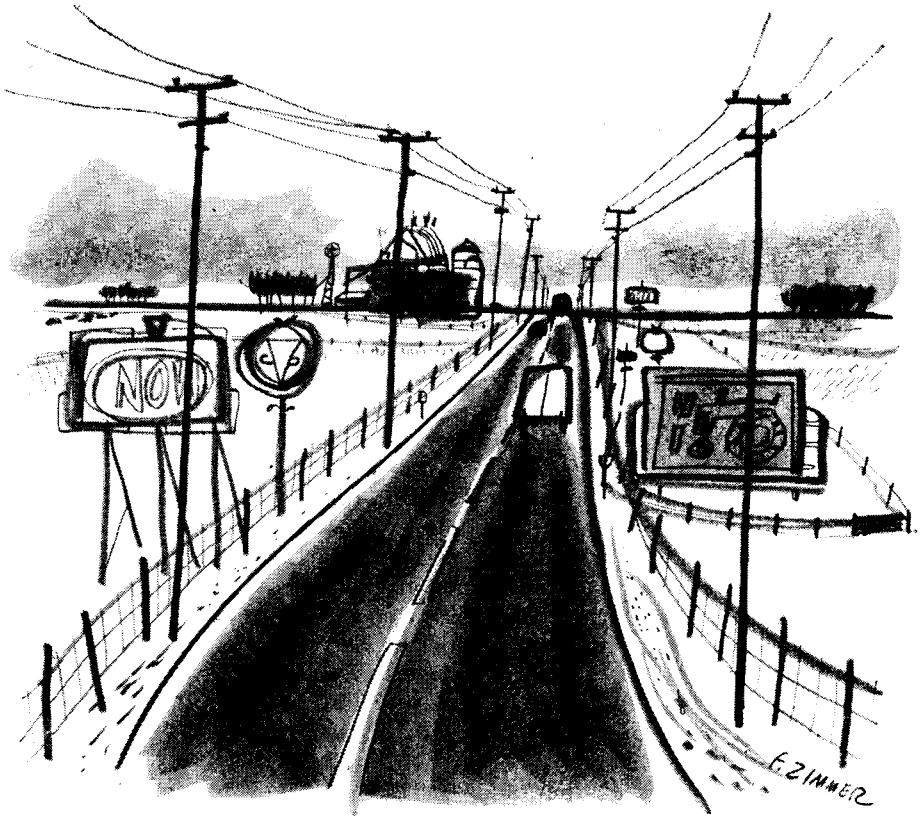

ment, and livestock would be a whole lot closer to the actual investment in a productive family-size farm.

The Last Free Market

We farmers are keenly conscious of certain economic facts; and it is this that causes us to keep a weather eye on Washington. We know that ours is the only industry that cannot control, at least in some degree, the production from our individual farm units or the prices at which our products will be sold. What this means, leaving out for the moment all considerations of government manipulation, is that American agriculture operates in the last great free market left in our economy. Other industries talk of the free market in glowing terms and describe the joys of pure and untrammeled competition, but the cold fact is that they are talking about something that either does not exist or is far more readily managed and controlled than anything the farmer has ever experienced.

In most businesses, the prices at which goods are sold are more or less logically determined within and controlled by each individual industry. The manufacturer, for example, adds up his costs: raw materials, labor, management and sales expense, plant investment, depreciation, taxes, and all the rest. He totals these and adds a percentage of profit. Then he surveys the prices of competitive goods being offered and eventually arrives at a selling price. If costs go down because of efficient management or other factors, he may lower his selling price to secure a more favorable position in the market—unless, as has been heard of, he has a price agreement with his competitors. If costs go up, he adds them to his selling price and passes them along to the consumer.

In farming no such procedure as this can be followed. The individual farmer produces as much as he can, as efficiently as he can, of the crops and livestock that his experience and judgment indicate may be profitable. How much he produces—and this is true within wide limits—will always depend in the end on the totally unpredictable factor of weather. He must sell his product in a raw-material market where he has almost no control whatever over selling price. This is true unless he is the fortunate producer of some agricultural specialty on which he does all or part of the processing, bypasses one or more middlemen, and deals with the ultimate consumer. Sometimes it is possible for the farmer to do this, but not often. The Kansas wheat grower, for example, cannot grind his wheat into flour, bake it into bread, and deliver it to your home.

Although the farmer must dispose of his products in commodity markets where price is largely beyond his control, he must buy most of his raw materials and practically all of his operating equipment from retail suppliers whose prices are fixed. His seed, for example, will come from a seed house which has purchased it at some distant source, cleaned, graded, and sacked it, and then shipped it to a local dealer. Several processing fees and other fees guaranteeing the handlers a profit have been added along the way. The same thing is true of his tractor, plow, and all other items that go to make up the modern farm plant.

If our economy ran along on an always-even keel, with perhaps a gradual rise in the prosperity curve as we became more and more productive, it seems possible that farmers might be content to hold their position as the last exponents of American rugged individualism. But we know from sad experience that the dip means an immediate drop in farm prices and an even more disastrous drop in real income and purchasing power, because the things we must buy go down more slowly, if they go down at all.

Prices and Apron Strings

I can think of no more typical example of this than an experience that happened to us last month. Our farm in the Missouri Ozarks lies in a high valley where the limestone soil is ideally adapted to growing grass and livestock—and our business is the production of commercial beef for the market. Ordinarily we butcher one fat animal each year and store it in the locker for home consumption, but on this occasion the supply had gotten down to soup bone and hamburger. So with company coming to dinner, my wife splurged on a modest sirloin steak from the market in the nearby village. I noted, as she put it on to broil, that the steak was graded "U. S. Commercial"; and she ad-

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mitted that her conscience hurt, because the meat had cost ninety-two cents a pound. But it hurt much more than my conscience, for in that day's mail I had received the returns from a truckload of 1,100-pound butcher steers that we had shipped to the St. Louis market. Their grading of "Medium to Good," meant better steaks than the one we were broiling, and the price I got for them was fourteen and a half cents a pound—just half of what the meat had cost us to produce. Two years ago, when we were selling cattle of this same quality for thirty-two cents, the store price for sirloin steak had stood at ninety cents a pound. Thus packer, wholesaler, and retailer have all been able to hold their price line in the face of a drop of fifty per cent in the price of beef on the farm.

The farmer's understandable desire for protection against such obvious inequities of the market underlies our whole farm-price policy. When the price structure suddenly collapses, few of us are willing to take it because we voted for it. Thus it was with something like amazement that hundreds of thousands of us listened to the exceedingly naïve announcements made by the Secretary of Agriculture upon his appointment last winter. His job, said Ezra Taft Benson, and the purpose of the new Administration, was to loose us from the coils of government regulation, to return us to the clear and bracing atmosphere of the free market.

Now the fact is that not all of us had voted for the new Administration, although it seems probable the farm vote may have gone for General Eisenhower in about the same proportion that the 1948 farm vote had gone for President Truman. But there is one thing about which the vast majority of farmers was and is certain, and it has been proved time and time again, despite the occasional pronouncements of some economists and so-called farm leaders. This is that some sort of government support for farm prices is a *permanent fixture* in the American economy. Parity, which has as its general objectives removing some of the inequities of the market and keeping farm purchasing power on an approximate par with that of other sectors of the population, is here to stay. To argue otherwise is to argue an issue that has been settled and written into law these past twenty years.

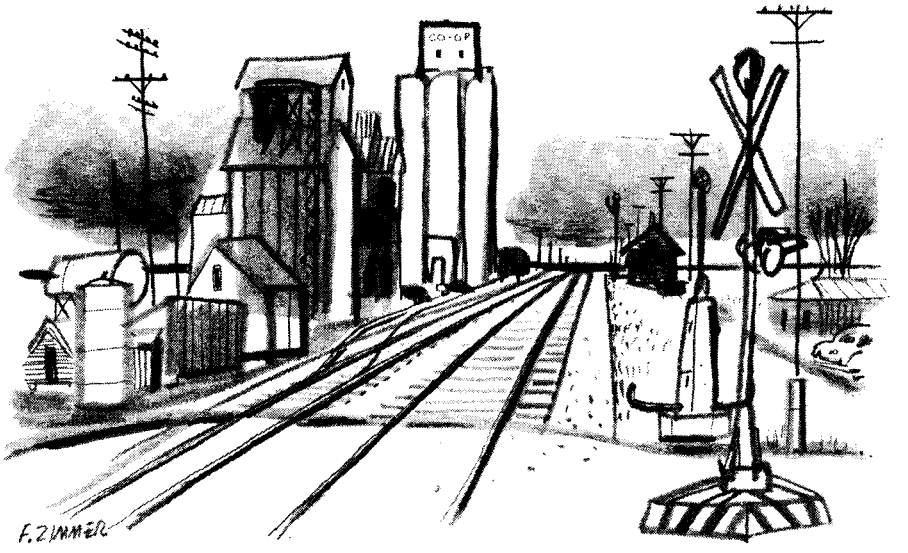
It can hardly be an exaggeration to call Mr. Benson's initial policy pronouncements naïve, since they could otherwise only have been either unintelligent or Machiavellian, and it is perhaps too early to accuse the Secretary of either of these qualities. He was, like most of those whom President Eisenhower appointed to top policy jobs, an "expert" without a great deal of political background or experience. He seemed—and in this he was also like many of the Eisenhower appointees—a man who was sure he had the answers. Yet looking back on the halcyon days of last November, it becomes clear that a little more level-headed examination of the facts of farming—and of politics—might have made Mr. Benson's initial statements somewhat more modest and a lot less sweeping in context. After all, the Department of Agriculture—vast though it may be—is not yet a law unto itself.

Words and Butter

The first thing that Ezra Benson had to do, in the matter of eating his brave words, was to buy butter—millions of pounds of butter to add to the 100 million the government already owned. This may not have been a logical thing to do and must certainly have been the last thing he wanted to do. It may even have been the worst thing that could have happened to a dairy industry which, in competition with margarine, was rapidly pricing itself out of the market anyway. Yet Mr. Benson bought his butter not at seventy-five per cent of the parity price, which the law says is the least he can pay. He bought it at ninety per cent and pegged it at that price in return for a vague promise from dairymen that during the next two years they would try to curtail production, boost the sale of whole milk, and take some surplus butterfat off the market.

It was plain that the "clear and bracing atmosphere of the free market" was out the window. And the next thing farmers realized, as we looked toward Washington and the new Secretary, was that far from being released from the coils of regulation, we might soon find ourselves tied more tightly by controls than ever. This is not to say that farmers didn't want controls or recognize the need for them, because we have since voted overwhelmingly to curtail 1954 wheat acreage in return for guaranteed price support on the 1954 crop at ninety per cent of parity. But also in the offing are prospective controls on such other basic commodities as corn, cotton, and perhaps others, which may soon cover fifty per cent of our total acreage of cropland.

Just how far the Administration and the Secretary have departed from their initial pronouncements about returning farmers to an un-



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trammeled free-enterprise system is shown in this recent statement by John H. Davis, president of the Commodity Credit Corporation and a top Benson aide: "We must go full speed ahead with present programs, even though temporarily it means more government in business, in order that we may have an opportunity later to revise the farm program to meet agriculture's needs and fulfill our pledge."

Thus we are to have more regulations, more supports, and more controls—and a program that heads ever more surely back to the one that came into being during the New Deal and was continued under Harry Truman. And as any farmer can plainly see by looking out over the countryside as well as toward Washington, the reason for the big switch in agricultural policy is political in its entirety.

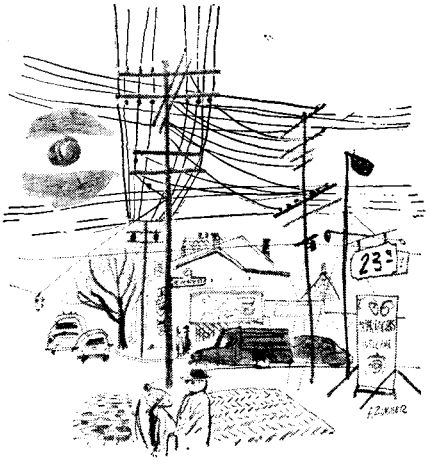
Also, the Administration must realize that agriculture is presently facing a price situation that might easily plunge the country into a major depression. Farm conditions today resemble too closely for comfort those which immediately preceded the last great depression. And at least up to the present time, the Secretary seems to be admitting, we have found no better means to meet such a situation than those we have painfully developed over the past twenty years.

WHAT, THEN, do we American farmers want as we look toward Washington?

First of all, we have made it overwhelmingly clear—as proved by the almost complete reversal in policy that has been forced upon Secretary Benson—that we do *not* want most of the things he and the Administration promised to give us. Farmers are by nature conservative and somewhat slow-moving. Yet a great many of us have deserted the horse for the tractor and the kerosene lamp for electricity. And we have more than a suspicion that the original pronouncements the Republicans made on farming in the autumn and winter of 1952 came straight out of an economic philosophy lodged in the nineteenth century. This philosophy is somewhat in the position of the wooden wheel; it simply won't run smoothly enough or efficiently enough to be of very much use in today's agriculture.

Leaving for a moment the matter of farm-price policy, most farmers have been inclined to give the Secretary of Agriculture and the new Administration every opportunity to prove themselves. We realize that through the years the Department of Agriculture may have grown top-heavy and cumbersome, that bureaus added to provide needed services may have reached the point where functions overlap. We will go along with reorganization so far as it does not reduce efficiency or curtail services that have proved their value.

We have already made it clear we will not go along with Mr. Benson's ideas for cutting the rural-electrification and -telephone programs. We are inclined to feel that farm cooperatives will be treated fairly. We will hope for an improvement in farm-credit facilities. We believe it is shortsighted, if not downright stupid, to cut appropriations for such profit-producing agencies as the Soil Conservation and Forest Services. We want more rather than less money made available for basic agricultural research, which is lagging badly today. We want the Agricultural Conservation Program continued at its present level and have been satisfied, by and large, with its management by the Production and Marketing Administration. Under this program we have seen great strides made in putting good land-use practices into action on farms all across America.



When disaster such as the 1952-1953 drought strikes at hundreds of thousands of farms and ranches, threatening them with bankruptcy, we want action—prompt and generous, administered fairly and without red tape. When feed stocks of every kind are at all-time highs and the United States is searching for foreign countries where it can dump them without inviting retaliation – and when we hear our cattle on burned-out pastures lowing in the night from hunger—we do not want to have to declare ourselves paupers in order to be allowed to buy niggardly amounts of government-owned grain at slightly reduced prices. Nor are we satisfied to learn that the government has bought 3,360,000 pounds of beef for the school-lunch and aid-to-Greece programs. This constitutes an infinitesimal fraction of one per cent of the beef marketed during 1953 and would probably have been purchased anyway.

Most farmers are realists. We know that a system of parity-price supports that covers only a few basic nonperishable commodities and leaves out entirely such perishables as meat products is incomplete, that it works many inequities and hardships on farmers who may be doing the best job for the nation's agriculture.

Let Washington Look . . .

Those of us who think ahead, and can remember even a few years back, know that times of drought, crop failure, or other emergency are bound to come, when the storage of commodities under the support program will seem nothing less then inspired and providential. There are those, like the Farm Bureau and National Grange leadership, who favor sliding scales for parity, though it is extremely doubtful that their memberships go along with top policy on this issue. Then there are others, like the National Farmers Union and Missouri Farmers Association, who go down the line for ninety per cent of parity or higher covering not only basics but all commodities, including perishables.

These represent extremes of farmers' viewpoints; and between them there is a lot of room for bold, hard thinking on the part of everyone who has an interest in agriculture.

One afternoon just two years ago when cattle prices were at their peak I spent an hour at our weekly livestock auction to get the feel of the

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local market. A good Hereford beef cow was brought into the ring with a calf at her side and was bid in by a young G.I. who had just started farming in the neighborhood. The price for the cow was $220, with another $80 for the calf. This sounded pretty high to me.

I commented to the grizzled old mountain farmer sitting beside me on the bench that I thought the seller of the cow had done well. His reply is something I won't forget as long as I stay in the farming business.

"You're right, she brought a good price," he said, "but she didn't go too high. I can remember when I've sat right here on this bench and sold a better cow for $20 and been glad to take $5 for her calf. And God help us and this country if we ever see those times again."

Six months ago, the young G.I. who bought that cow sold his farm. Today he is working in town as a mechanic. A fair sirloin steak still sells for ninety cents a pound. Recently in the drought country there have been good Hereford cows sold at my old neighbor's $20 figure—and they're getting dangerously close to it in areas where there is no drought. It is high time, I think, to let Washington take a long look outward to the farms of America.

Adman's Nightmare: Is the Prune a Witch?

ROBERT GRAHAM

ADVERTISEMENTS are all like tacks placed in the road, and the mind of the American consumer is somewhat like an automobile tire. The outer layers of the tire, made of black, smoke-cured apathy, are resilient and hard to pierce. But a good sharp tack can do it, and a superior tack can go on and puncture the inner tube. When that happens, the consumer comes to a shuddering halt and the man who put the tack in the road, or hired somebody else to do it for him, steps out of the bushes and sells the consumer an icebox. There is nothing wrong with this—most of the time the consumer needs the icebox anyway, and in buying it he performs a function vital to the operation of the economy.

Advertisers are very good at making tacks. They can make big sharp ones—the concept of mildness, for example, has lacerated countless tires in its time. They can make medium-sized tacks—the celebrity testimonial is an example of that sort, standard and solid, likely to cause some punctures but not guaranteed to work every time. Or the advertisers can make little tacks like the singing commercial, one of which may not make much of a dent, but which can be effective in large numbers when strewn across the consumer's road.

The consumer is familiar with all the standard varieties of tacks. But just now, no farther away than the nearest radio or television set or the very pages he is about to read, a new and different sort awaits him. Since the war, and particularly during the past year, advertisers have been devoting new attention to the questions of what makes the tire so tough and whether there is another, easier means of puncturing it. They are discovering that there is indeed an easier means, and that there are some technicians, or needlers, who are very familiar with it. The means is psychology, and the needlers are known collectively as social scientists: sociologists, anthropologists, and psychologists. When we start investigating what happens when the advertisers conclude an alliance with the social scientists, we soon find ourselves deep in such fascinating problems as what the Chrysler Corporation is doing with a study called "Mistress Versus Wife," what you will think of when you next look at a teapot, and how you remove the emotional blockage in the primary prune market.

The New Liturgy

Along New York's Madison Avenue, the Appian Way of the advertising world, a brand-new phrase has become as much a part of the common speech as "I'm just thinking off the top of my head" used to be. The phrase is "motivational research," usually heard alone but sometimes in conjunction with "projective techniques." Motivational research means just what it seems to—exploration into the underlying reasons for human behavior, or, to the adman, exploration into the real reasons why a consumer buys or rejects a product or service. Motivational research is quite different from ordinary market research as done by poll takers such as Gallup or Roper. Market research supplies numerical or quantitative facts—it indicates who buys a product, where, when, and how often. Motivational

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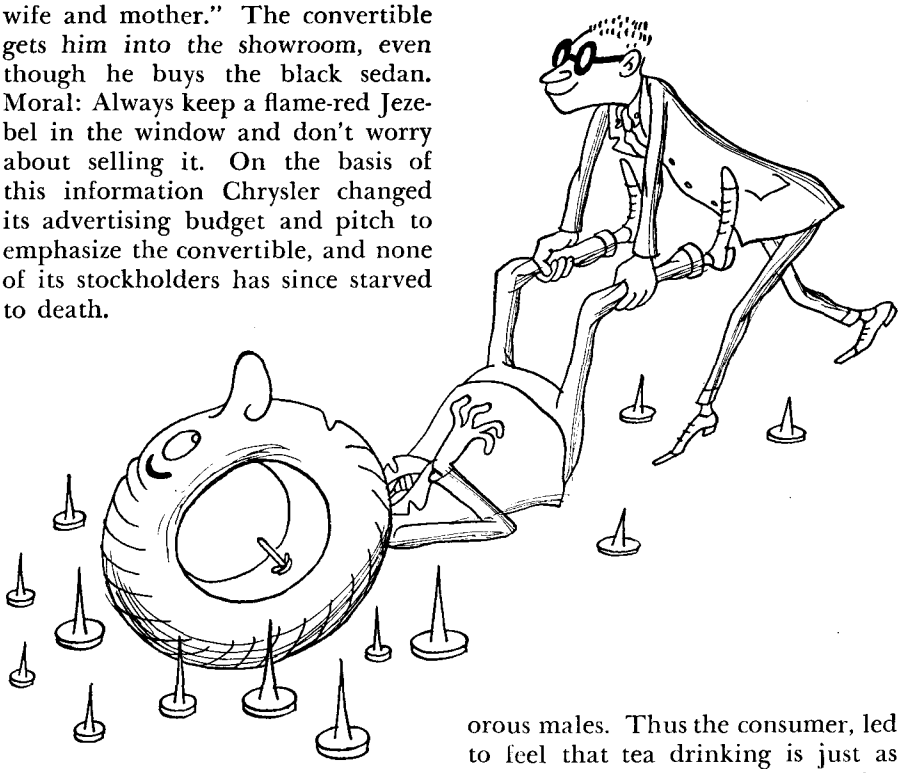
research undertakes to answer the fundamental question "Why?"

Most advertisers had long assumed they knew why. It seems only common sense to conclude that if a teenager buys a bar of soap, she wants to wash. But this, it now seems, may not be the case at all. The sociologist, the psychologist, and the anthropologist may supply a wholly different reason, and it may even be the correct one. If motivational research can in fact supply the right answer, and if the copy writer can translate it into understandable and appealing terms, the adman will have a tack that will penetrate tire, tube, fender, and windshield and stab the consumer right in the gizzard. Accordingly, many if not most of the major advertising agencies have been hiring experts in motivational research. Agencies that do not yet have resident head-shrinkers are hastening to employ independent firms, run by psychologists, to do the work for them.

THE SUBJECT should be investigated cautiously, beginning with a shallow pool where the wader can clearly see bottom. In this realm is the "Mistress Versus Wife" study done for Chrysler by Dr. Ernest Dichter, formerly a Viennese psychologist, now an American citizen and president of the Institute for Research in Mass Motivations, Inc., of New York. Dr. Dichter has done scores of studies for many of the largest and best-known companies in the nation, among them Procter and Gamble, Du Pont, General Mills, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, B. F. Goodrich, and Lever Brothers. In this case he was concerned with an automobile dealer's problem: How come all those people stand outside the showroom window staring at the new convertible model when only one buyer in fifty ultimately chooses it?

"To most people," Dichter's report says, "a convertible is a symbol of perennial youth, of adventurousness, raciness, and boldness." But a man cannot always be young, adventurous, or bold. He enjoys looking at the convertible, but finally rejects it after "a psychological process similar to the one a man goes through when he decides to give up his alluring mistress and marry a plain girl who will make a good wife and mother." The convertible gets him into the showroom, even though he buys the black sedan. Moral: Always keep a flame-red Jezebel in the window and don't worry about selling it. On the basis of this information Chrysler changed its advertising budget and pitch to emphasize the convertible, and none of its stockholders has since starved to death.



The simplicity of this finding is deceptive, as is the simplicity of the law of gravity. But nobody had ever pointed it out. Another of Dr. Dichter's researches was done for the Tea Council of the U. S. A. The results of this research are now evident in magazines and television ads throughout the country.

Tea is what Dichter calls a "prejudiced" product, as are prunes, and cigarette holders for men. There is something about these products that gives many consumers the creeps. Tea, for example, carries the stigma of effeminacy and feebleness. That being so, the Tea Council should have phrased its ads in a way designed to counteract the prejudice. But in the days before Dichter the Council's ads played directly into the prejudice. The colors were pale, washed-out blues and yellows; the pitches were such as "Tired? Nervous? Try tea."

On Dichter's recommendation the pantywaist colors were dropped and replaced by a brilliant, masculine red. The "Tired? Nervous?" was replaced by an alliterative series of words which sounds like a police sergeant clearing his throat—"Make it hefty, hot and hearty, take tea and see." The pictures were no longer of pallid women but of vigorous males. Thus the consumer, led to feel that tea drinking is just as manly as felling an oak or strangling a moose, is encouraged to go out and brew a potful. To these shrewd points, Dichter added a last psychological device. In all the Tea Council ads there now appears a symbolic pot, an epitome of all pouring pots that readers or watchers may have in their own kitchens. On its side are the words "Take Tea and See." It is designed to arouse in you, as in Pavlov's dogs, a conditioned response—think of tea, not of that other hot beverage, whenever you see a pot.

Nudging the Respondent

The conclusions of such motivational studies are reached after a great deal of effort and by various routes. All the researchers begin with the fundamentals of the poll taker—they select a sample of the population, which may include as few as fifty or as many as two thousand individuals, and make sure that the sample is a cross section representative of the various geographic, social, economic, and age groups.

The researchers differ widely on how the sampling should be done. Each uses his own method, or "projective technique." One group, in which Dr. Dichter is the tall man, relies almost entirely on the "depth interview." A depth interview is a psychoanalysis in miniature, and

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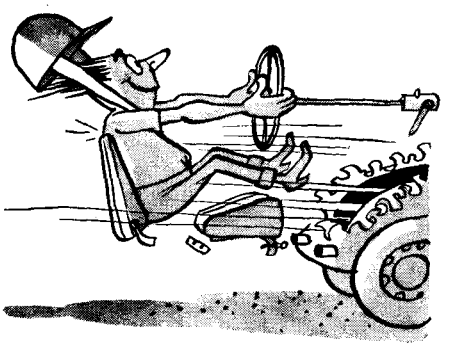
may last five hours or even all day. The interviewee (respondent) is encouraged to talk, even to ramble, by a technician who has been instructed by Dichter on how the conversation should be nudged. In collecting the raw material for "A Psychological Study of the Sales and Advertising Problems of the California Prune Advisory Board," a work which will be dealt with in more detail later, Dichter's interviewers recorded millions of words and thoughts, of which the following are typical: "I consider myself a moderate eater. More or less I eat three meals a day at approximately the same time. The variety of foods I eat is limited and I eat such foods as suit my palate. I do eat prunes . . . I don't like watery prunes. They remind me of boardinghouse prunes. . . . A dried-out prune is shriveled, has no taste. Certain people present that appearance. It may be an entirely wrong impression of the individual. Prunes are prunes, that is all. . . ."

A SECOND widely used projective technique is free word association, in which a list of words, carefully booby-trapped, is recited to the respondent, who comes back with the first supplementary or complementary words that pop into his head. If the interviewer says "bread," the respondent is likely to reply "butter"; "house" would probably elicit "home."

A leading exponent of this second method is James M. Vicary, a market- and opinion-research expert of New York whose clients have included Benton & Bowles, J. Walter Thompson, and Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn. Vicary prefers free word association because it requires much less time than the depth interview and because he thinks his respondents have less opportunity to cheat. A man who must give dozens of associative responses at the rate of one every three seconds has little chance to think up a lie, and thus blurts out what is really in his mind. By this method Vicary was recently able to tell a well-known brewery company to lay off the word "lagered," which it was thinking of inserting in its ads. About thirty-five per cent of Vicary's respondents reacted to "lagered" with desirable associations, such as "stout" or "ale," but thirty-eight per cent replied with "tired," "drunk," "lazy," "linger," and "dizzy."

VICARY has also done a remarkable study for the Commonwealth Edison Company titled " 'Chicago' as a Symbol" and designed to find out what non-Chicagoans think of the place and how industries can be persuaded to move there so that Commonwealth Edison can sell more power. Of hundreds upon hundreds of associations given for "Chicago," six predominated, and these Vicary placed in one sentence in order of their occurrence. The sentence contains nothing startling but is still awesome, as though a great faceless giant were speaking: "Chicago is a *city* in *Illinois,* sometimes referred to as *windy,* is known for its *stockyards, gangsters,* and in the past for the great *fire* which destroyed the town." Among the minor associations were all manner of fine flickering words: "Sister Carrie," "stampede," "The City of Hog," "wheat," "meat cleavers," "jazz bands," "Edith," "red," and "cat." The last, Vicary decided, may have come from someone who had in mind Carl Sandburg's line, "The fog comes on little cat feet." Sandburg himself appears four times among the associations. "Edith" is nobody's business. A major conclusion of the research was that Chicago has more agricultural than industrial connotations in the average man's mind. Commonwealth Edison met this challenge with a big ad which showed a steer wearing a cogwheel for a collar, above the words "Agriculture and Industry Are Partners in Chicago and Northern Illinois."



Vicary thinks so highly of the word-association technique that he has tried to use it in naming his children. He and his wife, expecting a son, decided to name the boy Simon. "Simon Vicary seemed to us to have a fine sound," he says. "But when we tried it on our friends, we got associations like 'Simon Legree' and 'Simple Simon.' The child was a girl anyway. We named her Anne."

Another projective technique in common use is "thematic apperception," in which a respondent is shown a little picture like a cartoon panel and asked to make up a story about it. Sentence completion ("I like Product X because. . . .") is also used, as is the personification method, in which the respondent is asked to put himself in the place of a box of soap and then talk about himself.

Are Salesmen People?

Some psychologists employ an unusual test in which, instead of being given a picture and asked to make up a story about it, the respondent is given a situation or story and asked to draw a picture. In one of many tests conducted during a two-year survey for Armour Laboratories by Leo Nejelski & Co., Inc., of New York, Armour's salesmen were asked to draw pictures of (a) people and (b) salesmen. The differences in the drawings, Nejelski says, were very illuminating.

Psychologists sometimes find it unnecessary to bother with tests at all. Instead of surveying hundreds of people to prove an already established fact, they employ the fact directly. Weiss & Geller, Inc., of Chicago, for example, uses a known psychological fact in its campaign for Luxite Lingerie. "Our campaign appeals directly to one of women's basic unconscious motives," says President Edward H. Weiss. "That is, self-adoration or self-love—in the word of the social scientists, narcissism. Our entire campaign is based on a picture of a woman looking at herself in the mirror with the headline 'See Yourself in Luxite.' "

A few psychologists employ highly esoteric and perhaps dangerous tests. Housewives have actually been exposed to techniques that have no

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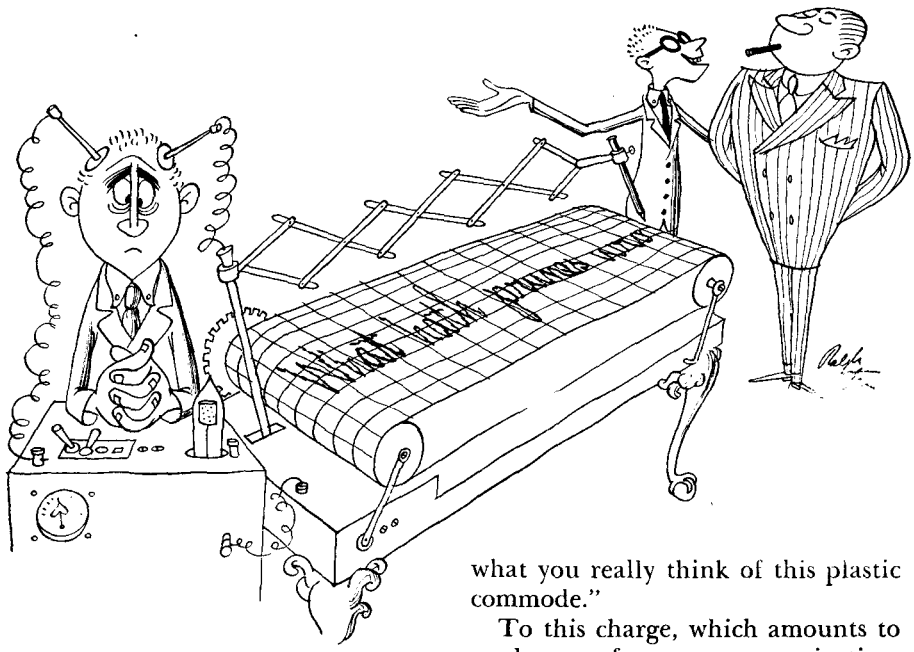

place outside the laboratory or the hospital. In the Szondi test, for example, the respondent is shown a page of photographed human faces and asked "With which one of these people would you like to go on a long train trip?" or some similar question. The fact is that all the people whose faces are shown are crazy as loons; the respondent, who like most people is about five per cent mad himself, is theoretically attracted to the madman whose madness is most like his own. It is not quite clear how this knowledge could be of help to a salesman or a copy writer.

THE FACT that psychologists, sociologists, and anthropologists are working for the admen, using all these methods, is not in itself dangerous. Neither is the fact that someone has given a child a 155-mm. howitzer—until the child pulls the lanyard. There would seem to be a couple of fundamental issues involved.

First, the social scientist is the inheritor of three thousand years of western man's effort to understand himself. The psychologist of today stands on the summit of a great mountain whose mass is composed of immense boulders, the brains of Aquinas and Leonardo and Descartes and Jefferson and countless others. At the very peak, it would appear, squats the head-shrinker, intoning unctuously, "Madam, tell me what you really think of this plastic commode."

To this charge, which amounts to a charge of common prostitution, the social scientist has an answer. First, of what value is knowledge unless it is applied? Second, the American culture is an agglomeration of material goods—Wheaties, waffle irons, detergents, deodorants, Cadillac convertibles, refrigerators, and uranium. The grand wizard of this culture is a manufacturer of juke boxes named J. Chlorophyll Chromestrip. Is it not the job of the social scientist to grapple with this culture, even if he has to work for Chromestrip to do so? In finding out what the consumer really thinks of the plastic commode, he may be approaching a larger truth.

THE SECOND point concerns the fact that the social scientist knows a great deal about the workings of the human mind. He knows of certain things that might be called national neuroses—the excessive and almost morbid desire for security, for example. Suppose the social scientist tells the adman how to play upon these neuroses, how to place the successful but perhaps fatal tack in the road? If prejudice or anxiety is played upon it may be increased, or it may even be inculcated when it was not present in the first place.

Comes now the defendant who deposes and says: The human organism is very tough; the outer layers of the tire contain dignity and anger as well as apathy. The mass of men will automatically reject an attempt to capitalize on any evil. Furthermore, most social scientists and most admen are moral and responsible people. Still, it is possible that an irresponsible social scientist will feed dangerous material to an irresponsible adman. The result will be an advertisement or a campaign that will not last long, will disgust the mass, but will injure some individuals. It is doubtless true that some were hurt by the famous ad which said in effect: "You're cheating your children if you don't buy a television set," but there was tremendous objection to that ad, and it was soon dropped.

Back to the Prune

There remains another relevant point. What does the adman himself think of the social scientist?

A few admen are completely, abjectly sold, and regard every finding of the social scientist as gospel. A few others are adamantly unsold. One executive, who has been in the trade and along its fringes for years, says: "Motivational research, or whatever you want to call it, is strictly a gimmick. It's the tool of the young man of upward mobility—the guy who will cut my throat and have my job in ten years. In the late twenties and early thirties, the tool was radio. Everything was radio. The upward-mobility boys rode it to the top. In the early forties it was—well, I forget. Maybe it was white space. All the ads were too cluttered; you had to open them up and have white space. Later it was television. Now it's the analysts. Ten years from now—well, I'll be bleeding all over the floor by then."

The middle majority of admen are using motivational research in great quantity, but with a good deal of selectivity. None of them feels that the psychologist will ever replace the intuitive copy writer—or that the psychologist is useless. This brings the discussion back to Dichter, Vicary, and the problems of the prune seller.

Both Vicary and Dichter are able practitioners, and both, by chance, have gone thoroughly into national attitudes toward dried fruit. If the reader will use the personification method and put himself in the place of an ad-agency president who has on his desk two neatly packaged but contradictory surveys about prunes,

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he will learn a great deal about the uses and future of motivational research.

VICARY'S STUDY is called "Consumer Attitudes of Importance in Advertising Prunes" and was made for the Long Advertising Service of San Jose, California. His sample comprised two hundred men and women, members of both the primary prune market (those who have eaten prunes in the past week) and the secondary prune market (all others).

His research, done mostly by the free word-association method, convinced Vicary that there was only one major point to be considered in prune advertising, and he hit it like a rifle shot: "An emotional block about the laxative connotations of prunes is shown to be an important obstacle to more favorable attitudes."

This finding naturally left the advertiser wringing his hands, but Vicary calmed him at once. His second point was: "When the laxative response to PRUNES was experimentally sanctioned by including the word LAXATIVE in the Word Association Test, anxiety of the respondents was measurably reduced and favorable attitudes toward prunes was increased. [Therefore] advertising copy should mention the laxative features of this product."

Vicary then pointed out that euphemisms ("healthful") should be avoided (as should words like "dried"). Also "One of the most favorable associations which can be exploited is the association of prunes to *plums* and *fruit*."

It is a good, interesting study. But the ad-agency president may very well wonder whether it is enough. Can the primary prune market be unblocked simply by printing "laxative" in 24-point Bodoni Boldface?

DICHTER'S depth-interview study also involved two hundred respondents. It hit no single point like a rifle shot, but it blasted the whole area with pellets. It advanced six reasons why people dislike prunes:

Prunes are symbols of old age (wrinkled like the supposed face of spinsterhood).

Prunes are suspected of being devitalized, denatured.

Prunes are disliked as a symbol of parental authority. (Eat them, Junior, or no movies tonight.)

Prunes are plebeian and without prestige. (Who serves them as a party dessert?)

Prunes are identified with peculiar people, with food faddists.

Prunes are identified with hospitals and other institutions such as the Army and boardinghouses.

These reasons make a great deal of sense. But they are set forth only halfway through the survey. After that, the reader must hang onto his hat. In a section called "Cultural factors . . . a deeper level" Dichter lists some reasons why people *really* don't like prunes.

"The prune is a scape-goat food. Most cultures have certain scape-goat foods. . . . Fresh eggs are unpleasant to some societies, milk and butter to others; fowl is rejected by nearly all Mongols. Why [in our culture] has the prune alone been picked?

"Reason One: the prune is resented as a freak and an intruder . . . the prune is again and again compared and equated with people who are considered to be strange and 'different'; with queer, egotistical and ungiving creatures. . . .

"Reason Two: the prune is a 'witch'. . . . Other fruits appear and disappear in season. . . . The prune defiantly claims to be an all-year-round fruit. . . . The price the prune has to pay for its rebellion against nature is its 'different' character and appearance. . . . It is black, which makes it into something sinister and dangerous. It needs sulphur for its artificial preservation, and sulphur is associated with poison and with hell. Thus, the ground is prepared. . . . 'Tampering with nature' has, until recently, been felt to be 'sinful' and a defiance of the higher powers. The representation of such sinful defiance of God and the laws of nature ('Black Magic') was the *witch*.

"It is interesting to observe that the witch invariably is visualized as a wrinkled, ugly, sterile old spinster whose witchcraft has to make up, as it were, for her lack of 'normal,' human, giving qualities. The witch, too, is an undesirable freak, whose services we could seek clandestinely, in the dark of night. The implication in regard to the prune is obvious."

TO THOSE who are still with him Dichter advances yet a third reason. It is, "The prune is a Puritan. We have seen that a considerable segment of our interviewees sees in the prune something meager, rough and joyless. . . ."

This by no means concludes the survey. Dichter then gives no fewer than forty suggestions as to how advertisers can allay prejudice and sell prunes. Among them are some that verge on brilliance, and some that do not. ("In future advertising we should attempt to compare prunes with those things that are clearly deemed as beautiful in our culture . . . 'prunes, the black diamonds of the fruit family'. . . . Reassure the woman that it is perfectly acceptable to serve prunes . . . that she doesn't have to be ashamed because they are a cathartic.")

IF THE AD-AGENCY PRESIDENT were to accept all of these findings and recommendations, American culture would be enriched by some remarkable advertisements, but of course he does not accept them all. The value of Vicary's or Dichter's or any psychologist's research is that it crawls with ideas of all sorts. Even their conversation teems with ideas —in a single lunch hour Dichter will give an adman enough new thoughts to mobilize him upward like a jet plane. (He will also slip him a bill for $300.) It is up to the adman to sort these ideas as an umpire sorts balls and strikes. Some will be wild, some down the middle, but at least they will be ideas, which are as scarce along Madison Avenue as they are anywhere else. It is unfair and foolish to say that the psychologist-in-advertising is a loon or a quack, that he has sold out his science to the hucksters, or that he is otherwise irresponsible. The reason it is unfair is that it is simply too early to tell. As for the consumer, all that can be done for him is to warn him. But having survived the era when Nature in the Raw Was Seldom Mild, having managed to stay awake after it was Time to Re-Tire, and having stubbornly gone on living with his wife even though he Underestimated the Power of a Woman, the consumer is a pretty tough cookie. One more blowout probably won't kill him.

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Commentators: Female Of the Species

SYLVIA WRIGHT

"I'VE BEEN compared to Tennyson's brook, babbling, babbling as I go—or is it chattering, chattering as I go, Vincent?" Mary Margaret McBride recently asked Vincent Connolly, the announcer on her radio program.

"I think it's babbling, babbling, Mary Margaret," said Vincent.

"Well, I'd rather be babbling, babbling, than chattering, chattering," said Mary Margaret, who conducts the most famous of what are known in the radio business as "women's talk shows."

Strong men and many weak women have blanched and hastily switched off the radio on hearing one of the ladies babbling cozily on about "her products." On many of the shows, though, the babbling is also about current events, new books, civic affairs, medicine and psychiatry, the arts, and important questions of the day.

Mary Margaret's program (like all her listeners and most of her guests, I find it impossible to call her Miss McBride) represents one out of about four hours devoted to such fare every weekday in the New York area. In one typical day an assiduous listener might hear the following: With "Martha Deane" on WOR, a psychiatric adviser to the Women's Prison Association discusses how the organization rehabilitates prostitutes. Then, with Mary Margaret McBride on WABC, an editor talks about magazine writing, and a Metropolitan Opera soprano reminisces about her career ("I think the modern prima donna is sweeter and nicer and less temperamental than the old-fashioned kind"). Switching hastily while Mary Margaret is catching sardines in the icy blue fiords of Norway, the listener may hear "Barbara Welles" on WOR interviewing Kim Stanley, the actress, currently appearing in the play *Picnic*. On WABC, a haberdasher tells Maggi McNellis about a sleeveless shirt for men, a night-club singer discusses her technique, and another psychiatrist talks on tolerance. Later, on WQXR, Alma Dettinger talks with Thomas J. Hamilton, the New York *Times* correspondent at the United Nations, about U.N. activities, and still later on WCBS Emily Kimbrough chats with Reginald Gardiner, the comedian.

Oysters and Hemlines

There are over eight hundred women radio commentators in the United States, many of whom run programs similar to those mentioned above. In the course of a typical program a listener may be told how oysters are cultivated, who lives in Tasmania, and what the spring fashions are. Neither listener nor interviewer seems to find the combination indigestible. Mary Margaret McBride, who must have a photographic mind, frequently reads two books in an evening to prepare for her program the next day and displays an uncanny familiarity with her subject matter.

Mary Margaret, the originator of this type of program and the Grand Panjandrum in the field of women broadcasters, has been doing this sort of thing for nineteen years. The first woman to conduct an ad-lib radio program, she became WOR's "Martha Deane" in 1934. Originally, "Martha Deane" (the name is owned by the station) was a grandmotherly character who gave household hints and recipes. In her book, *Here's Martha Deane*, Mary Margaret describes how she discovered that this role did not suit her and how gradually she dropped her nonexistent family and emerged as herself, a woman reporter. Her manager, Estella Karn, introduced the idea of guests—the feature that is the basis of all such programs today. It is also, of course, an important part of the vast industry of press-agentry; most women interviewers estimate they are offered four or five guests for every one they take.

Like the listener to soap operas, the listener to these programs is not sitting still. She dusts, mops, feeds a child, eats a sandwich. Somehow, while making the baby's formula, she takes in Dr. Paul Tillich's remarks about the kind of anxiety that has its basis in the human situation of finitude. In addition she seems to remember to contribute to the Red Cross, note down a list of movies suitable for children, and—most important—ask for Herb-Ox bouillon cubes at her grocery. Her consistency in the latter kind of response makes her one of the most valuable audiences in radio.

Recently, when Mary Margaret discovered that the Middle West, where her program is relatively new, responded better to a new soup than

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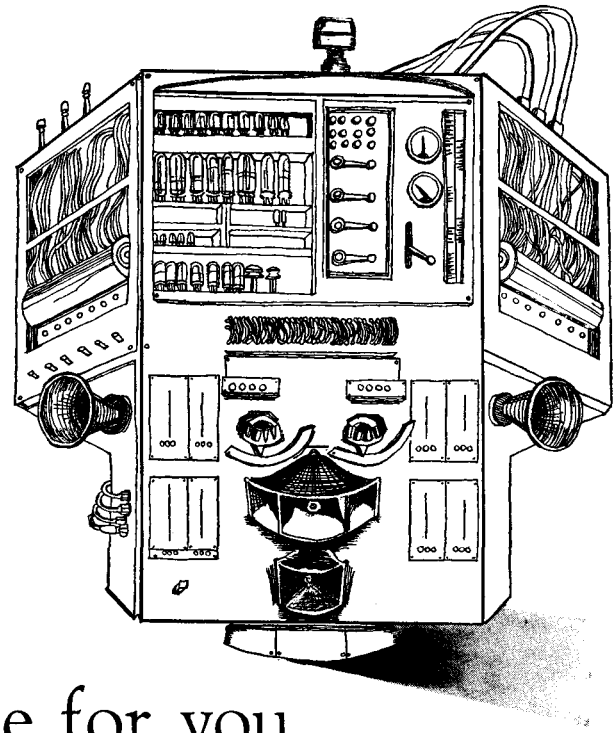

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TODAY'S WORLD is so complex and so rapidly changing that more and more people despair of keeping up with its developments. They feel that the task of following all the important political and economic events may be too much for the human mind. And as though to justify this attitude, some point out that scientists have even had to devise mechanical brains to deal with present-day problems.

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The Reporter

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did the East, she was personally affronted. "Is that a reproach to all of you, I ask you?" she addressed her Eastern followers. For several days she cajoled humorously, and finally remarked to Vincent, "I'm not going to beg them any more, would you?" "No," said Vincent, "I think an air of injured innocence would do better." Thousands of housewives presumably rushed to their grocers.

Who Needs It?

Although the radio business is littered with surveys, the statistics on who listens are not very revealing. Listeners to "Martha Deane's" program are found in all three of the age groups 18 to 35, 36 to 50, and over 50, with the middle group comprising about forty per cent and the other two about equally divided. The large majority are housewives, over half of whom listen somewhere else than the living room. About one-seventh of the audience is male. Another survey indicates that almost forty-three per cent of "Martha Deane's" listeners belong to the upper income group, thirty-three to the middle, and twenty-four to the lower. These groups are defined on the basis of rent paid by a family in New York City: Lower means between $30 and $50 a month, middle $51 to $90, and upper $91 and over.

In spite of the barrenness of such data, the broadcasters have convinced themselves that their listeners are a superior collection of intelligent and cultivated women. "My listeners," says Emily Kimbrough, "are people I would like to know." Miss Kimbrough, a graduate of Bryn Mawr, maintains firmly that nothing that interests her—for example, how to play the recorder—is too recherché for her audience. Marian Taylor, who is the present "Martha Deane," says her typical listener is a college graduate, a young married woman with two or three children, who wants to keep up with things in the outside world but hasn't time to read all the magazines, buy all the best-sellers, and see all the new plays.

On the basis of the fare to which she gives such attention, one would guess that the listener is interested in fashion, home decoration, and children. She is concerned about civic corruption and social welfare. She wants to know about new books and the arts; with modern art she is prepared to try. She believes in the popularized tenets of modern psychology, and like thousands of housewives in respectable organizations like the General Federation of Women's Clubs, she accepts a good deal that would have been considered radical twenty years ago. She even sees the need for unions and for some government interference in the lives of private citizens. Her world is not an eccentric or a passionate one, but it is a pleasant world where problems are solved with "counseling," "packaged savings," Dromedary cake mix, and good will.

In her home life, "Martha Deane," as Marian Young Taylor, is the wife of an advertising executive, the mother of twins, and an ardent gardener. But it is as a woman of the world of politics, current events,

achievement, not as a housewife, that she holds her listeners' interest. Alert, intelligent, and without side, Mrs. Taylor says she runs her program (10:15 to 10:55 on WOR) like an independent newspaper. She devotes a few minutes each day to comment, to an interesting news item, or to reading a poem. Politically her main purpose seems to be to correct overexaggerated attitudes. Ten days after the Eisenhower Administration took office, she listed, for the benefit, she said, of disgruntled Stevenson voters, three good things it had done. When a reporter appearing on her program commented flippy that nobody had voted for Stevenson except Tallulah Bankhead and some college professors, she carefully pointed out that twenty-seven million Americans had. But she is perfectly capable of dropping the straightforward, determined manner with which she treats current affairs and giggling with a woman expert about new fashions.

As a young woman, Marian Taylor followed in Mary Margaret McBride's footsteps, first by working for N.E.A., the Scripps-Howard syndicate, then by becoming "Martha Deane." The McBride forces follow her career with the slightly acid concern characteristic of maiden aunts. But the world of the women's talk shows is a polite and honorable one, and professional rivalry rarely becomes barbed.

"Martha Deane's" program resoundingly and repeatedly affirms the economic usefulness of the listener loyalty such shows create. It is estimated that the program reaches about 500,000 homes; the subscribers to the top four women's magazines are numbered in the millions. Yet when "Martha Deane" offered her listeners a recipe book in a one-minute announcement, she received more requests than did all four women's magazines that had run ads making the same offer. Statistics like these make it possible for "Martha Deane" to get $600 a week from each of her sponsors—the highest rate in the field.

Rather surprisingly, since the two have similar guests, "Barbara Welles" (Helen Hall) (1:30 to 2 on WOR) finds her audience unaffected by the fact that she is "opposite" Mary Margaret McBride. Miss Hall, an ex-actress with a noticeably trained voice, conducts a thoughtful and conscientious program, whose function, she has said, is to "humanize the abstract." Guests are usually impressed with her almost overcareful preparation of material. This, plus the fact that the guest is interrupted too often by the commercials, gives the program a somewhat calculated atmosphere.

Under her own name, Miss Hall conducts a shorter program over the entire Mutual Network. Tape-recorded material is shifted back and forth between the shows. Interviewed by "Barbara Welles" when he returned to this country from Germany, General Lucius Clay said "Yes, Barbara," "No, Barbara," and "On the other hand, Barbara" so many times during the interview that it was impossible to use it on Helen Hall's program. The busy General did not have time to do another interview, but agreed to sit

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down and tape-record, in as many different inflections as he could think of, "Yes, Helen," "No Helen," "On the other hand, Helen."

During the past few years, Helen Hall has made regular trips abroad, which have resulted in on-the-spot broadcasts from a Finnish steam bath, Christian Dior's salon, and the shrine of Our Lady of Fatima. WOR's publicity staff asserts that she is the only woman ever to broadcast from a submerged submarine, where she undoubtedly sounded as competent and unsurprised as she does in the WOR studios.

Maggi, Alma, Emily

Maggi McNellis, a former night-club singer, conducts a light, casual show called "Maggi's Magazine," from 12:15 to 12:45 on WABC. By her own admission, she "doesn't have time to read all those books," and her guests are mainly actors, singers, and people in the news. Since she has three or four a day, no one guest gets much chance to sound off. The Army colonel's wife who is anxious to describe what kinds of clothing should be sent to Korean children finds herself cut off after she has said a few sentences about Korean cooking. Male guests are greeted with slapdash flirtatiousness. But in our civilization really frivolous women are no longer supposed to exist: Like the other women broadcasters, Maggi McNellis is grim about atom bombs, fascinated with psychiatry, judicious about politics, and indignant about race prejudice.

Genial, cheerful, and perpetually surprised, Alma Dettinger of WQXR (2:30 to 3) has a special problem in attracting listeners. WQXR broadcasts mainly highbrow music, and, says Miss Dettinger, "A lot of listeners are annoyed when they hear a voice starting up." It is not a matter of making them turn the radio on but of keeping them from turning it off. Perhaps as a result, Miss Dettinger has developed a slightly breathless delivery.

Like the other ladies, Miss Dettinger feels nothing is too difficult or highbrow for her audience. Some years ago, she had an enormous response when she offered her listeners a reproduction of an abstract painting by Kandinsky. Recently she completed a series with guests from the Women's City Club, in which various complicated aspects of New York City's government, including its budget, were discussed.

Emily Kimbrough, a newcomer to the field, started her program (4:05 to 4:30) last year, when CBS's Margaret Arlen moved to television. Miss Kimbrough presents on radio a personality already successful on the lecture platform and in books and articles, a woman who has peculiar experiences, gets imprisoned in taxicabs, loses one glove or one earring—in short, who is incident-prone.

An important feature of the program is anecdotes about Miss Kimbrough's childhood, her family, her experiences, told with skill and a theatrical sense of timing. On Fridays, Miss Kimbrough (who uses her maiden name professionally) is often joined on the program by her twin daughters, young married women with almost identical voices who are called A and B. They discuss something like how to teach a child to love music or how to run a party.

But Miss Kimbrough also operates in the international realm. During a short interview with Mme. Pandit of India she evoked a surprising amount of detailed information about Mme. Pandit's career, elections in India, the party system, campaigns, and the place of women in politics.

'Favorite People'

In moments of discouragement, Mary Margaret McBride complains that she now has so many imitators that the bloom has worn off her program and off many of her guests. But she continues to take the pick

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of guests offered by press agents. With her remarkable interviewing technique and ability to put complex topics on a chatty plane, she commands the devotion of eight million listeners. When she recommends a book, publishers say, sales immediately reflect her plug. In addition, practically everybody at all well known in the United States is either "one of our old friends," or "one of our favorite people," including such disparate individuals as General Bradley, Norbert Wiener, Jimmy Durante, and Mrs. Roosevelt.

Mary Margaret has never been married and her program is her life. Early in the game, her listeners came to mean as much or more to her than her friends. When she was preparing to travel to Europe before the war on the zeppelin *Hindenburg,* hundreds of listeners wrote and said they would pray for her, while "lots of my oldest friends didn't even bother to say good-bye." "A psychologist," she commented disarmingly, "would be able to diagnose me and my ego in a second. All right, let him."

Into her hour between one and two o'clock, Mary Margaret pours all the energy and love the average woman scatters among several people and activities during a whole day. If occasionally her outpourings amount to gush, Mary Margaret is not a bit embarrassed to admit it.

THERE is an atmosphere of dedication at a Mary Margaret broadcast quite unlike the businesslike mood of other programs. Mary Margaret broadcasts from her apartment on Central Park South, in a room lined with the gaily jacketed books she has discussed on the air. In a corner is a huge screen all her guests must sign. Everything is ready and everyone assembled before she appears. Vincent Connolly waits on one side of a long table and the two guests on the other. Mr. Connolly, a graduate of Princeton whose mealy voice is almost as well known as Mary Margaret's, has been with the program for years and has grown portly in Mary Margaret's service.

A few minutes before one o'clock, overwhelming and resplendent in a Chinese jacket and voluminous black pajamas, Mary Margaret manifests herself, her eyes bright and clear, her cheeks pink and healthy. She chats a few moments with the guests, striking the mood with some direct question such as, "Lucile Watson, what *is* on your mind?" The guest begins to spout. Mary Margaret listens a moment and says, "Let's save it for the program." There is a pause. She says, "Here we go!" Vincent announces, "It's one o'clock and here's Mary Margaret McBride." Then she launches into the program, often as if she were continuing a previous conversation—"with one of those days," she burbles, "when I expect to have a wonderful time with one of our favorite people."

The other women broadcasters make faces, fidget, light cigarettes, dangle their pumps, and twist their feet around the rungs of the chair. Mary Margaret does not smoke and she forbids it to everyone else (with the exception, for some reason, of Quentin Reynolds). Utterly relaxed, she leans her head on her hand, fixes her guest with a spellbound gaze, and draws out his story almost by spiritual suction. Although her questions sometimes sound childlike, they are often brilliantly calculated to draw out unexpected material; the look she turns on the bemused celebrity is alert, wise, and sybilline. Who are you and what is your significance? it seems to say. The guest pours out his soul.

On her fifteenth anniversary in radio, Mary Margaret broadcast from the Yankee Stadium, surrounded by some sixty thousand admirers, including many of the great and near great of the United States. In spite of such acclaim, she worries perpetually about her program and its competitors, and wants constantly to be reassured that she is the best, the most popular. Her ambition is driving and nervous. Once she told over the air of dreaming that she was walking through a field with Mrs. Roosevelt (who for a brief time was a competitor) and having a very hard time keeping up with her. Actually her position seems invincibly secure, and she can yield playfully to other potentates. "I just know," she said this winter, "that President Eisenhower is going to take *my* time for the State of the Union Speech." (He did.)

MARY MARGARET is too much of a professional ever to be really stumped by a guest, but she sometimes gets one who taxes her benevolence. Not long ago one guest failed her and she was faced with devoting her full time to her second guest, Irene Rice Pereira, the painter. Mrs. Pereira, who specializes in abstractions and sometimes paints on different layers of glass over canvas, indicated to Mary Margaret that she did some of her work in a state of mystic ecstasy. Mary Margaret found this hard to take.

"You want me to be a truthful woman, don't you?" she asked, as near belligerence as such a genial person can be. "Well, I'm a truthful woman and I don't know what you're getting at."

Cheerfully, Mrs. Pereira made an effort to explain, ending up with "the reality of space and time in ever-flowing, never-ceasing continuity. I guess that's not clear for a layman. You ask *me* questions."

A certain sternness crept into Mary Margaret's voice. "We'll start with you growing up," she said, "because otherwise I don't know how you got the way you are."

"I don't either," said Mrs. Pereira happily.

For years Mary Margaret has encouraged people to explain how they got the way they are. She was appalled. "You mean," she asked, "you go around just not *knowing* how you got where you are?"

Mrs. Pereira tried to explain. She rambled on about her childhood and the nature of an artist's life, pointing out that it was not "all joy and exultation."

"Sometimes you're crying?" asked Mary Margaret, meltingly.

There was a moment's silence. "Yes," said Mrs. Pereira, now in her turn grim, "sometimes I feel this type of hysteria."

But, as she always does, Mary Margaret kept the upper hand and her usual charming manners. "Now it's important," she pointed out to her audience, "that we listen to what she has to tell us, because she's a famous artist. She's illustrious." And she ended graciously, "I think you're a very exciting person. That's I. Rice Pereira. P-E-R-E-I-R-A. Now," she went on with visible relief, "*Dromedary* white cake mix."

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The Years Of Indecision

McGEORGE BUNDY

THE CHALLENGE TO ISOLATION, 1937-1940, and THE UNDECLARED WAR, 1940-1941, by William L. Langer and S. Everett Gleason. *Harper & Brothers. $7.50 and $10.*

THERE HAS BEEN no more important period of American history than that between Munich and Pearl Harbor. In those thirty-nine months a series of diplomatic revolutions spun the American people outward from their self-centered isolation into careening contact with the realities of international politics, until finally they found themselves at war in the one way they had not expected—by a direct attack upon their land and their fleet. In *The Undeclared War,* William Langer and Everett Gleason have completed the massive study of American foreign affairs in this period that they began in *The Challenge to Isolation.* It is a magnificent achievement of collection and organization, so thorough that it will not have to be done again. That so fine a record could be compiled within a decade of the events (for these volumes were essentially complete three years ago) is a commentary on the degree to which historians have now established their claim to full information on the very recent past. Only where the statesmen have reserved the right to be their own historians —in Soviet Russia and in both Red and White China—are there still major gaps in the record.

If these volumes have a major failing, indeed, it is that the treatment is too thorough. Together they total about eighteen hundred pages and a million words: It is too much, even for this momentous period. The skillful organization and the narrative clarity of the account sometimes fail to prevent the reader from getting lost among the myriad trees of the forest the authors have re-created. And in the painstaking examination that is given to each and every problem one can come to feel that the discussion with Mexico over oil claims is just as significant as the last negotiations with Japan. Moreover, Mr. Langer's long interest in European diplomacy and his reluctance to leave any source unused seem to have led the authors too far into matters that might properly have been given more summary treatment in a history centered on American policy.

BUT THE QUALITY of the work remains. Among the million words there is hardly an error of type or fact beyond the curious misspelling of Clement Attlee's name. Although the judgments the authors made are restricted, many of them are fresh and nearly all are persuasive. And the very detail of this account, with its indefatigable report of each turning, small and large, has a special value. Almost more than if it were better proportioned and more sharply centered on the great issues behind the details, a history like this one takes the reader back into the prevailing atmosphere of the time. If the authors use too much space on Finland and not enough on the freezing of Japanese assets, do they not simply repeat an error that was a part of the reality of the time? The history is written in the same perspective in which it was lived. To relive the experience of 1941 is to be confronted again by some of the most persistently fascinating and disturbing questions of American history.

Langer and Gleason themselves, in the introduction to their first volume, pointed to one of the questions: the quality and character of Franklin Roosevelt. Certainly the President was the central figure in the determination of American policy during this period. And yet in these volumes he seems to fade and rematerialize like the Cheshire Cat in *Alice.* This is only partly the result of Mr. Roosevelt's penchant for unargued and verbal decision. Partly also it is that the President laid his course very close to the ground. It is true that he was partial to the brave phrase and the striking idea, and one of the high points to which these volumes give full play is the

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crystallization in the President's mind of the idea of Lend-Lease, with the winning analogy of the garden hose. But most of the time he lived in each situation as it came up, and over and over in these volumes it is events, pressing against Mr. Roosevelt's native sense of necessity, that drive him to action and to leadership.

In such a process, the balance of motivation often remains obscure. Cordell Hull's caution, Frank Knox's fighting ardor, Henry L. Stimson's insistence on facing reality, Harry Hopkins's devotion to the Grand Alliance—these and many other individual attitudes acting upon each other and upon the President are made much clearer in these volumes than ever before. Mr. Roosevelt himself does not stand out clearly in these pages. It is not apparent whether he drove history or history drove him.

The Self-Deluded

And so attention turns naturally to the events themselves, and the first point is the now familiar but essential fact that the United States came all unready to the test of 1940—not simply unready in arms and armies, but unready in mind, spirit, and understanding. In a general sense, of course, this is what created the continuous debate between those who would not see the Nazi danger and those who were eager to go and meet it. But even among those who saw Hitler as he was, innocence and ignorance were abundant.

The most notable example was Mr. Hull, who tried to live in a world of fine thoughts and free trade even when reality made it impossible, so that negotiations with both allies and possible enemies were sometimes set askew by the Secretary's insistence upon centering all discussion on extraneous matters. But nobody in the Administration is to be acquitted entirely. Mr. Roosevelt exhibited a strange faith in disarmament as a cure-all; Mr. Stimson persuaded himself too easily that firmness, because it was right, would also be successful in dealing with Japan. The whole Administration, except for a few well-pilloried and then anonymous figures in the Department of State, appears to have believed, with ever-increasing urgency after June, 1941, that because the Soviet Union was a great help against Hitler, it must be capable of friendship. These volumes show Mr. Roosevelt in the first stages of that concern with Soviet appearances (Can they not say something good about religious freedom to please our Catholics?) that was to increase steadily, with him and Hopkins and some others, until shadow was mistaken for substance.

YET THE ERRORS of judgment committed by the Administration, large as they are seen to be in retrospect, cannot compare with the passionate misapprehension of those who would not see that the fall of France marked the end of American isolation. The authors quite properly do not tire themselves with a replay of this early "Great Debate," but they do remind us of the virulence of Burton K. Wheeler, the animus of Robert Taft (here at his least appealing), the haughty folly of Robert Hutchins, and the dedicated fervor of Colonel Lindbergh. To act wisely was the need, but in the face of this sort of opposition it often seemed as if the problem was to find a way to act at all.

The result, often, was a caution and lack of candor in leadership which Langer and Gleason do not seek to hide and rightly hesitate to judge. The election of 1940 remains, on the whole, the most striking example in our history of the degree to which large men will shrink themselves down in order to squeeze through political loopholes. (Many of the old-time New Dealers who suffered self-righteous pangs last year had short memories.) And the whole cast of argument and action led in the end to that strange dead feeling in the autumn of 1941, when the United States seemed too far in to stay out of the struggle in Europe but too closely tied by opinion to be able to get all the way in. There was a "Victory Program" to be sure, but no real plan for action.

Was Mr. Roosevelt a genius to get as far as he did, or was he a fearful leader, unwilling to make full use of his personal talent and the Presidential office? We cannot know, of course, how another policy would have worked out, but at any rate it seems clear from these volumes that there was a steady decline in the effectiveness of soft words and optimism. Such leadership draws constantly on the capital of public trust, and eventually the account becomes overdrawn. And yet both in the past and in the present Presidents have gone on drawing from this account.

From the impasse of late 1941 the Administration was rescued by Pearl Harbor, followed by Hitler's heedless declaration of war. (By this, of course, I do not mean that Mr. Roosevelt planned it that way; one of the marks of good sense in these volumes is the fact that the authors waste very little time on this diseased notion.)

The Decisive Moment

What is most striking is that the die was cast when the United States government froze Japanese assets in July, 1941. But we do not yet know for certain how or why this decision was reached, or in what measure its meaning was understood. On this crucial issue Langer and Gleason do not take us as far as Herbert Feis did in *The Road to Pearl Harbor*. It was an act of retaliation for the Japanese movement into southern Indo-China. But it was also much more, because it could not be maintained without eventually strangling Japan, and Japan would not be strangled without war. So if war was to be avoided, Japanese assets had to be unfrozen, but no concession of this kind could be made after July,

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1941, unless the Japanese not only backed out of southern Indo-China but began to liquidate their aggression in China itself. This they could not undertake to do.

The chain of propositions was unbreakable, and yet it seems not to have been foreseen. At any rate, war came in a place and at a time when it was not wanted by the United States government, which was concentrating on the Atlantic.

A first conclusion, then, must be that our diplomacy toward Japan was unskillful in a matter of the utmost importance. The error arose mainly from a reluctance to observe some of the unpalatable realities of Japanese politics—ably reported by Ambassador Joseph Grew (who nevertheless seems to have had his own too shining hopes pinned to Prince Konoye). Certainly the sequel showed that Japanese military power had been wildly underestimated. These were errors that a more experienced diplomacy might have avoided.

And yet if we suppose that the war was necessary at all, it was probably as well to have Pearl Harbor come as soon as it did: The American effort was immediately redoubled, and it proved possible to concentrate first on Europe after all. It is hard to believe that another six months or year of the undeclared war of 1941 would have been preferable. It seems, then, that things turned out well enough in this great event, not by design but by good fortune.

In a game as complex and dark as the diplomacy of war and near-war, such accidents can hardly be surprising. The moral is not, however, that diplomacy is an irrational and futile game. There are greater and lesser follies, and higher and lower batting averages. A Churchill does better than a Chamberlain, and the very difficulty of the assignment puts a premium on skill.

The Course Must Be Set

But beyond this matter of technique—and Langer and Gleason, craftsmen themselves, keep a sharp eye upon it—there is the still larger question of the purposes for which the techniques are used. Questions of method and timing aside, was it right to be angry over Indo-China and to be unwilling to negotiate a *modus vivendi* that might abandon Chiang Kai-shek? Was this the right basic line of feeling and intent, or was it merely sentiment inhibiting a suitable "adjustment" of Pacific problems? This question and those like it which can be asked about Hitler are still basic, and on these questions this study tells us nothing new. The truth is as it has been, that in these fundamental matters the American people and their government were proudly right in 1941. Since 1941 we have had to learn a great deal about diplomacy and the world's hard realities. These lessons should not lead us to forget that it is vital to keep our purpose generous and our standards high.

Some Thoughts About Gertrude Stein

WILLIAM SAROYAN

THE FLOWERS OF FRIENDSHIP: LETTERS WRITTEN TO GERTRUDE STEIN. Edited by Donald Gallup. *Knopf. $5.*

IT IS ALL kindness and sweetness up to page 233, except for a letter concerning publishing business from Robert McAlmon, and the failure of Gertrude Stein to accept the invitation of Stuart Davis to buy his painting "Egg Beater" and write an introduction for the catalogue of his show in New York.

These upsets seem strange since she became godmother to a French boy in the First World War and received an honor from France for kind concern and helpful money, and was visited and adored by so many working writers or painters or friends or wives of them.

You feel that McAlmon's letter is likely to be succeeded later in the book by one in which he and she become friends again, and you feel that it isn't very likely that she will not have made it up to Stuart Davis, if he lasts as a painter.

THEY ARE letters to her—most of them just that, nothing more—but when it is a letter from somebody who has not only survived but made out rather well, such as Hemingway, they are something more, although in themselves Hemingway's letters are among the best of the lot: quick, intelligent, warm, practical, helpful, informative.

Page 233 brings time forward from June, 1895, to June, 1929, which is thirty-four years. Flipping the pages to the last page, which is page 403, and the last letter, which is a letter to Alice B. Toklas from Bernard Fay, whose first letter was a short note written about twenty years earlier, we find that the year is 1946 and Gertrude Stein is dead, so that all told the letters cover a span of a little better than half a century.

The first letter is from Hugo Münsterberg, a Harvard professor to whom she had been kind, along with some of his other pupils.

In between are letters from very nearly everybody, as the saying is, but it is not difficult to notice that it isn't *quite* everybody, for Sinclair Lewis, John Dos Passos, Theodore Dreiser, H. L. Mencken, Upton Sinclair, James Branch Cabell, Joseph Hergesheimer—to name only a few of the writers who just might have written to her—never wrote to her; or *probably* they didn't, for this is a selection from around twenty thousand letters, most of them from the same people, most likely. But surely a hundred more people wrote to her than are in this collection.

As I recall it, for instance, I wrote to her twice, met her and Alice B. Toklas in California, and again in New York, and did not write again. There were, I mean to say, a few who wrote only once or twice in the book.

At the time that I wrote to Ger-

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trude Stein twice I was writing once or twice to very nearly everybody to whom I had the slightest excuse to write, which meant that I wrote to everybody who wrote to me, or reviewed a book of mine, or was an editor or a writer, and this included young readers and unpublished writers.

I made no carbon copies of anything in those days, so that there's no telling how many people I wrote to, but I think I know why I wrote to them. It was exciting to be a published writer at last, and to believe, as I did, that along with the other newcomers I was going to do something special in the matter of writing.

This is worthy of mention only because it appears to be what most American writers at that time meant to do. It was possible for a new writer to talk about America as a big, hopeful body of raw material that needed to be given form and meaning by him and his contemporaries, and that does not seem to be a possibility any more.

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How special was the special thing Gertrude Stein did in the matter of writing?

She seemed to write in a straight line that was nevertheless loaded and complicated in a way that had value for the whole art of writing.

She was a writer's writer, because writers cannot read commonplace writing unless they have got to do so for some reason, and most writing is commonplace; hers is not.

At the same time, though, I (for one) couldn't get much more out of her writing than the feeling that it *was* a kind of extension of the potential of the art. If this contribution is absorbable by the art of writing of another language, that is a matter for the future to decide. Certainly a great many of her friends were neither American nor English, and probably were not able to read what she wrote at all.

At the public library in San Francisco I read around in *Three Lives,* and Bennett Cerf sent me a copy of *Ten Portraits.* Like Ellery Sedgwick, the editor of the *Atlantic,* I never "saw" the portraits, but I'm willing to believe the failure was my own, not hers. I did get the story of the colored girl in *Three Lives* fairly well, but she may not have been a girl at all, she may have been an old lady. I have forgotten.

A little of what Gertrude Stein did for writing and writers is demonstrated in the title of one of her books from which Mr. Donald Gallup, editor of this book, obtained its title: *Before the Flowers of Friendship Faded Friendship Faded.* But this clear and witty and rather touching use of language was not all she did. It is, in fact, a little early to try to guess all she did. (And how much of what she did did she do by her writing and how much by her personality, her salon, so to say, her many friendships, whether everlasting or temporary?) It must be chanced that whoever arranged to meet her was as much affected by herself as by what she had written, but when we take into account that she received many writers when they were very young and many of them did not go on to do any work of any real consequence, most of them in fact, it is difficult if not impossible to measure her real influence as a personality. Thornton Wilder, for instance, did not meet her until the early 1930's, and had already indicated the unpredictable range of his future work. It would be pretty nearly irrelevant to wonder, for instance, if *The Skin of Our Teeth,* written after he had met her, would have been of a different order of achievement had he never met her.

Mr. Gallup has done a good job of selecting and arranging and the writing of short descriptive notes about the writers of letters, giving the collection a kind of story form—the story of a remarkable personality as revealed by the letters of acquaintances and friends writing to her, not to one another or to others. But everything does not come out just right. Many people and many things are left suspended, unconcluded, unresolved. McAlmon, for instance, is not heard from again after his letter concerning publishing business; neither is Stuart Davis, after Miss Stein did not write an introduction for the catalogue of his show.

What kind of a personality is revealed by the letters? She seems to have had the kind of personality which instantly conveyed to others that she knew what she knew, and believed anything if the matter happened to be brought up. This is a kind of motherly instinct for wisdom rather than wisdom itself. She appears to have been a kind of strange mother to many who knew her, or at any rate an aunt. And she seems to have had a mother's hearty and wonderful laughter.

This laughter, although mentioned only two or three times, takes on great importance. Her circle was one of either youth, talent, wealth, personal charm, or intellectual eagerness if not excitement, or all, but few who knew her had genius, as she certainly did, no matter what kind of genius it may have been.

The next thing is to have a book of her letters to her friends. In the meantime, a sentence from a translated letter from René Tavernier dated Lyon, June 23, 1943, seems to sum up some of the quality of her world of art three years before she left that world: "These days are sadly wanting in piquant anecdotes, charming escapades, and diverting events. . . ."

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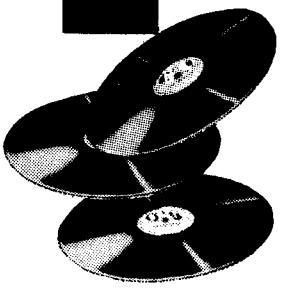

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